Dews & Chronicle

SONG BOOK

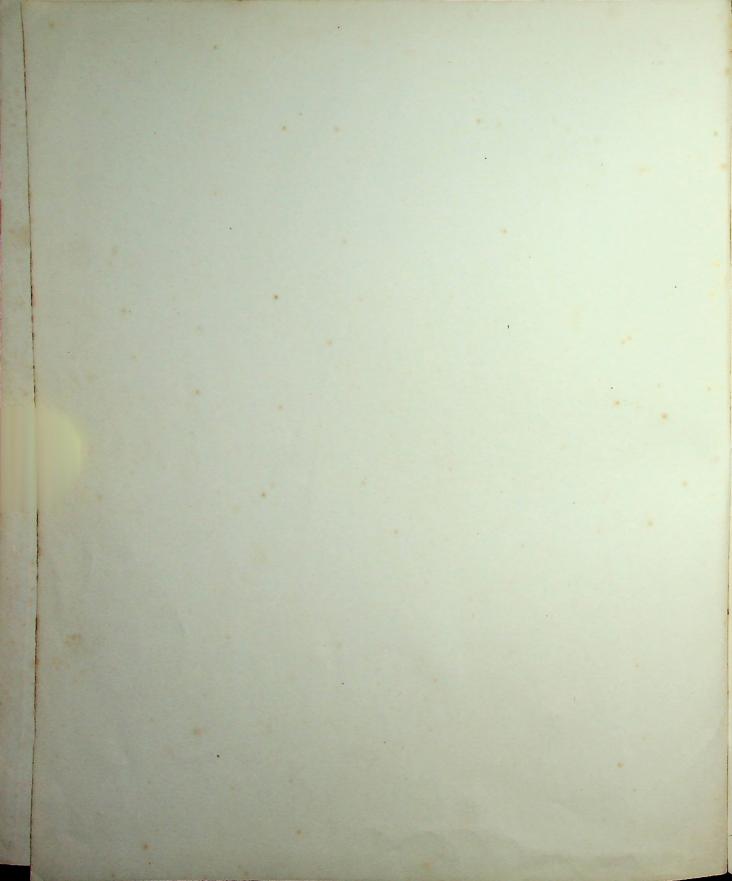
COMMUNITY SONGS
PLANTATION SONGS
SEA SHANTIES

NEGRO SPIRITUALS
CHILDREN'S SONGS
HYMNS & CAROLS

CECKLO CLUBECTE CONTROL CONTROL LILLEGUE







Pews & Chronicle SONG BOOK

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

T. P. RATCLIFF

THE **Dews** Chronicle publications department 'Chronicle House,' fleet street, London, e.c.4

ENGRAVED, PRINTED AND BOUND

BY

NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY

THE

"NEWS CHRONICLE" PUBLICATIONS DEPARTMENT

CHRONICLE HOUSE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

FOREWORD

The "News Chronicle" Song Book is not merely intended for community Singing purposes. Singing together is a form of amusement and delight. It is a glorious way in which we can, in large bodies, express something which we could not tell in any other way. But the love for Community Singing should be started and finished in the home. At the time of writing I am conducting a Community Hymn Service every Sunday in some church in almost every corner of the country, and it is no anti-climax, after an hour of singing with 2,000 enthusiasts, to be taken to the home of a member of the congregation, and hear one of the family sing a favourite hymn, the others joining in a verse or chorus. With this Song Book the "News Chronicle" hopes to encourage and bring back singing in our homes. Then Community Singing will take care of itself.

This book is quite unique. In its sections will be found songs to suit almost all occasions, and in most cases they have been arranged in simple four-part harmony. This has been made possible through the interest and practical help of my friend, Mr. H. A. Chambers. When conducting large crowds it is encouraging and inspiring to hear some of the audience using even improvised harmony. We love to sing, and the time has come to bring singing into more of our social meetings, and to stimulate the interest in massed singing. A foreign nobleman, after hearing ninety-three thousand people sing, once said to me, "I know now why England is so great. From your King to his most humble subject you are all as one man on common ground when singing."

I wish to thank Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd., for giving me useful suggestions and valuable help in compiling this Book; also Messrs. J. Curven & Sons, Ltd. (Mr. Kenneth Curven), for kind permission to include their fine selection of Shanties. Please read Sir Richard Terry's Foreword to this Section.

Sing and the world will sing with you.

T. P. RATCLIFF.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The "News Chronicle" desires to thank the following copyright owners for kind permission to make use of the copyright songs, tunes, or words set out against their names:—

Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., for "Dear Old Pals."

Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., for "Jerusalem" (Sir Hubert Parry);
"Years" (Ursula Greville); Bobby Shaftoe; and the Sea Shanties
collected and edited by Sir R. R. Terry.

Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham, for the tune "Aberystwyth" (J. Parry).

Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for "Widdicombe Fair."

Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd., for those items bearing an acknowledgment to them at the foot.

Messrs. Reid Bros., Ltd., for "When the bells ring merrily" and "Light at Evening-time," taken from the delightful selection of Jude's Hymns which they publish.

Messrs. A. W. Ridley & Co., for the words of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, Esq., for "You can smile," "Brighten the corner where you are," "The old rugged Cross," and "When the gates swing outward never."

The S.P.C.K. for the tune "Benson" (M. D. Kingham).

As stated in the Foreword, many of the Songs have been specially arranged to suit the scheme of the Book, and in this form they are the copyright of the "News Chronicle."

Every effort has been made to trace the holders of copyright, and the Publishers trust that any inadvertent infringement will be overlooked. At the same time, they express their readiness to make any necessary corrections in subsequent editions.

CONTENTS

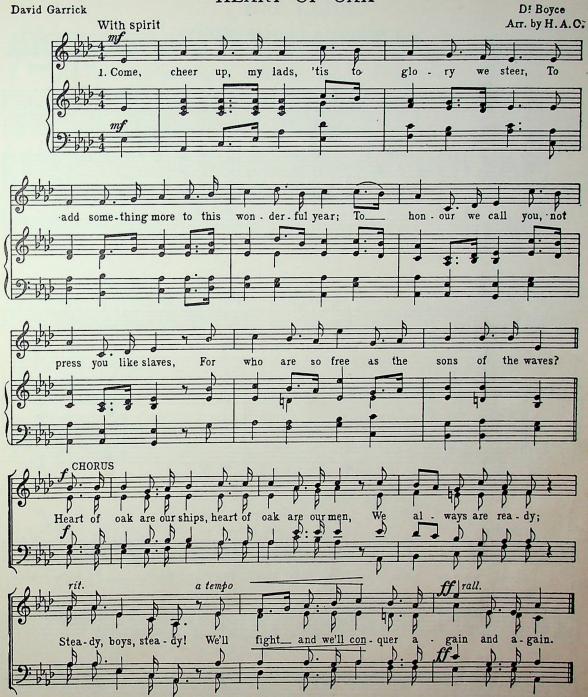
GENERAL SECTION

				PAGE					PAGI
A-HUNTING WE WILL GO ALL THRO' THE NIGHT				42	LAND OF MY FATHERS				15
ALL THRO' THE NIGHT				28	LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.	THE			102
ANNIE LAURIE				24	LASS OF RICHMOND HILL, LITTLE BROWN JUG				69
ARETHUSA, THE				52	LITTLE TOMMY TINKER				102
ALL THRO' THE NIGHT ANNIE LAURIE ARETHUSA, THE ASH GROVE, THE AULD LANG SYNE				41	LITTLE TOMMY TINKER LOCH LOMOND LONDONDERRY AIR LONDON'S BURNING				19
AULD LANG SYNE				86	LONDONDERRY AIR				40
					LONDON'S BURNING				95
BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER. THE				101	Long, long ago				51
BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER, THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER, THE BAY OF BISCAY, THE	IE			16					
BAY OF BISCAY, THE				45	MARCH OF THE MEN OF H	ARLECH		•••	26
BAY OF BISCAY, THE BEGONE! DULL CARE				55	MARCHING THROUGH GEORG	IA			48
Detroin an an are mucco name	TARING WA	TING CI	LADNIC	85	MEETING OF THE WATERS, MERMAID, THE MERRILY, MERRILY MINSTREL BOY, THE MY BONNIE	THE			28
BELLEVE ME, IF ALL INOSE ENDI BELLS OF ABERDOVEY, THE BILLY BOY BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND, THE BOBBY SHAFTOE BRITISH GRENADIERS, THE				34	MERMAID, THE		•••		64
Bury Roy				8	MERRILY, MERRILY				87
BLOW BLOW THOU WINTER	WIND	1000		54	MINSTREL BOY, THE				11
BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND TO	WIND			53	My Bonnie				31
Perper Curren	I E	•••		18	MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME			•••	112
DOBBY SHAFTOE				35					
BRITISH GRENADIERS, THE				00	OAK AND THE ASH, THE O No, John			•••	67
				100	O No, John		•••		62
CALLER HERRIN' CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN', THE CAMPTOWN RACES CHARLE IS MY DARLING		•••		100	O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOY	VNS SO F	REE		87
CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN', THE				68	OH! THE NOBLE DUKE OF	York			93
CAMPTOWN RACES				56	OLD BLACK JOE OLD FOLKS AT HOME OLD MACDONALD HAD A FA ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT				114
CAMPTOWN RACES CHARLIE IS MY DARLING CHERRY RIPE CLEMENTINE COCKLES AND MUSSELS COME, FOLLOW! COME, LASSES AND LADS COMIN' THRO' THE RYE				10	OLD FOLKS AT HOME				112
CHERRY RIPE				74	OLD MACDONALD HAD A FA	RM			61
CLEMENTINE				33	ON LIKIEY MOOR BAHT 'AT				17
Cockles and Mussels				22	OUR BOYS WILL SHINE TO-N	IGHT			11
COME, FOLLOW!				83					
COME, LASSES AND LADS				89	POACHER, THE POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE			•••	70
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE				23	POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE				30
DASHING AWAY WITH THE SM	OOTHING	IRON		88	ROBIN ADAIR		•••		13
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK				57	ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF	THE DE	EP		50
DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK THE				36	Row, row, row your BOA	r			90
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK, THE DEAR OLD PALS DIXIE LAND DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN DRINK TO ME ONLY				51	RULE, BRITANNIA			•••	46
DIVIE I AND	•••			111					
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN	•••			44	SALLY IN OUR ALLEY	•••			58
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN	•••			32	SALLY IN OUR ALLEY SIMON THE CELLARER SMILE, A SO EARLY IN THE MORNING SOLOMON LEVI SONE OF THE VOICE BOATS				97
DRINK TO ME ONLY	•••				SMILE, A				86
n v. /				73	SO EARLY IN THE MORNING				47
EARLY ONE MORNING				10	SOLOMON LEVI				92
				27	SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATM	IEN			108
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON			•••	-	SWEET AND LOW				12
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELL	ow			18	SWEET GENEVIEVE				66
									00
GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, THE				65	THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE	TOWN			72
GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, THE GO TO JOAN GLOVER GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF V GOD SAVE THE KING GOLDEN VANITY, THE GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES GREETING, A				95	THREE BLIND MICE				83
GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF W	VALES			24	Tom Bowling Tramp, Tramp, Tramp				82
GOD SAVE THE KING				99	TRAMP TRAMP				104
GOLDEN VANITY, THE				77	IRAMI, IRAMI, IRAMI	•••			101
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES				43	UPIDEE				14
GREETING. A				13	011222				
CREETING, 12					VICAR OF BRAY, THE				25
HEART OF OAK				7					
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS	MAIRETV	•••		49	WE'RE HERE FOR FUN				86
TI- I				12	We're here for fun When I was a Tailor				37
Ho! EVERY SLEEPER WAKEN HOME, SWEET HOME!				94	WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARC	HING HO	ME	***	60
HOME, SWEET FIOME!	•••	•••	***	0.1					71
Y				59	WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS				38
IN STYLE ALL THE WHILE	•••	•••		00	WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS WIDDICOMBE FAIR				20
Tour Brown's Popu				91					
John Drown's Dody		***		29	YE BANKS AND BRAES				84
JOHN PEEL	•••			32	YE BANKS AND BRAES YE SPORTIVE BIRDS YEARS YOU CAN SMILE YOUNG MAY MOON, THE				107
JUANITA	***	•••		04	YEARS				106
IN STYLE ALL THE WHILE JOHN BROWN'S BODY JOHN PEEL JUANITA KEEL ROW, THE KILLARNEY				59	YOU CAN SMILE				96
WHITADNEY	•••			78	YOUNG MAY MOON. THE				39
KILLARNEY		•••	-						The same of

SEA SHANTIES

SEA SHANTIES													
		FAGE		1	PAGE								
A-ROVING		130	HAUL AWAY, JOE		120								
		137			118								
BLOW THE MAN DOWN		135			117								
BONEY WAS A WARRIOR BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE		124											
		126	Tom's gone to Hilo		122								
CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA?			WE'LL HAUL THE BOWLIN'		134								
DRUMMER AND THE COOK, THE		128	WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKE	N SAILOR ?	136								
Fire DOWN BELOW	••• •••	132	WHISKY JOHNNY		138								
	NEGI	RO SF	PIRITUALS										
		100											
DEEP RIVER		144	KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD		142								
DOWN BY THE RIVER-SIDE	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	148	LITTLE DAVID		144								
Fire Song		149	NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEE .		153								
		151			149								
GIT ON BOARD, LITTLE CHILDREN		145											
Go DOWN, Moses					150								
HEAB'N	•••	147			152								
HUSH! SOMEBODY'S CALLING MY NAME		141	Swing Low		154								
I COULDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY		146	WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN		143								
	CHILE	DREN'S	SECTION										
AWAY IN A MANGER		169	LITTLE SHIP WAS ON THE SEA, A		168								
BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP		163	Lucy Locket		163								
BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU AS		170	MILLER OF THE DEE, THE		162								
			MULBERRY BUSH, THE		157								
CURLY LOCKS		158	OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE	?	164								
DICKORY DOCK		165	0 1/ 0		166								
GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD		168	D		159								
GIRLS AND BOYS			D		166								
			C		158								
Hor Cross Buns													
Hush-a-bye, Baby			THREE LITTLE KITTENS		161								
JESUS LOVES ME		169	Upon Paul's Steeple		159								
	HYM	NS AN	ID CAROLS										
ABIDE WITH ME			LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	•••	179								
ALL HAIL THE POWER			LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME		205								
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWEL		001	LORD, DISMISS US		206								
AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET		. 204	LORD, KEEP US SAFE THIS NIGHT		193								
ETERNAL FATHER!		. 177	MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY		199								
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT		. 206			107								
FIRST NOWELL, THE		007	NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE		187								
FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!		100	O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL		195								
FROM THEE, O CHRIST		000	O GOD, OUR HELP		186								
		100	O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO		186								
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGA		000	O WORSHIP THE KING		185								
GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND GOD IS WORKING HIS PURPOSE OUT			OLD RUGGED CROSS, THE		197								
		208	Onward, Christian Soldiers		191								
GOOD KING WENCESLAS					176								
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING			Praise the Lord! YE HEAVENS, ADO	JKE FIIM	1/0								
Holy, Holy, Holy			ROCK OF AGES		184								
How sweet the Name of Jesus sou	NDS	. 187											
1 HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY		. 181	SUN OF MY SOUL		183								
IESU! CYFAILL F'ENAID CU		100	THERE IS A GREEN HILL		183								
		150											
JERUSALEM		100	WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROS	ss	180								
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN		100	WHEN THE BELLS RING MERRILY										
JESU! LOVER OF MY SOUL		. 188	WHERE THE GATES SWING OUTWARD I										
KING OF LOVE. THE		. 193	WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED		207								

HEART OF OAK



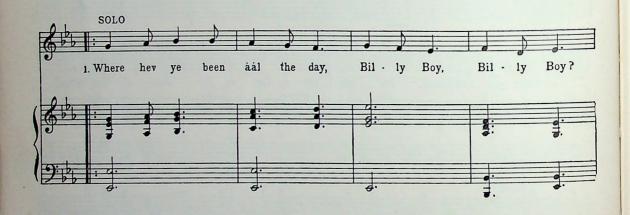
- We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They never see us but they wish us away; If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore
 - If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore, And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more. Heart of oak, &c.
- Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
 Her standard be justice, her watchword "Be free,"
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King,
 Heart of oak, &c.

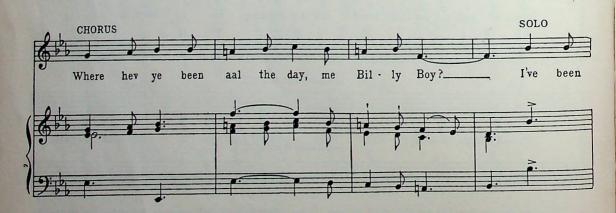
BILLY BOY

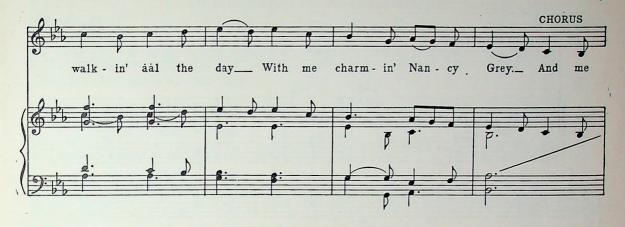
(NORTHUMBRIAN CAPSTAN SHANTY)

Collected and Edited by R.R. Terry











- Is she fit to be yor wife
 Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
 Is she fit to be yor wife, me Billy Boy?
 She's as fit to be me wife
 As the fork is to the knife
 And me Nancy, &c.
- 3. Can she cook a bit o' steak Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
 Can she cook a bit o' steak, me Billy Boy?
 She can cook a bit o' steak,
 Aye, and myek a gairdle cake
 And me Nancy, &c.
- 4. Can she myek an Irish stew
 Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

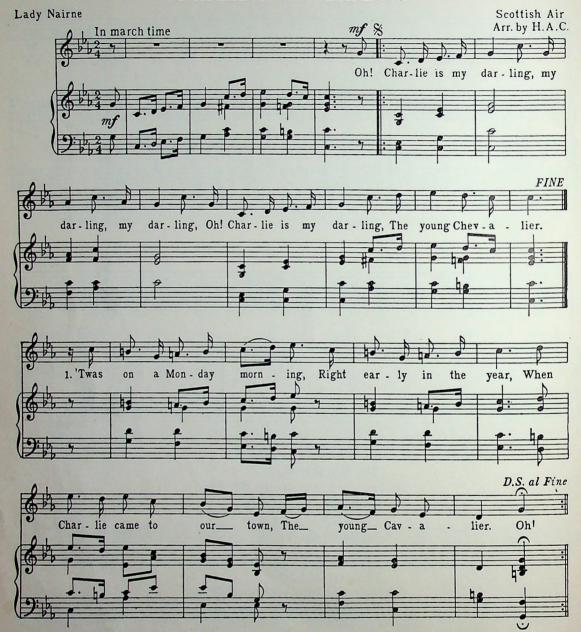
 Can she myek an Irish Stew, me Billy Boy?

 She can myek an Irish Stew

 Aye, and "Singin' Hinnies" too.

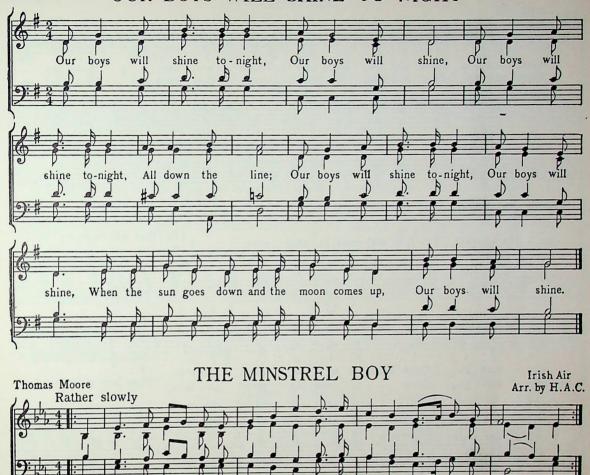
 And me Nancy, &c.

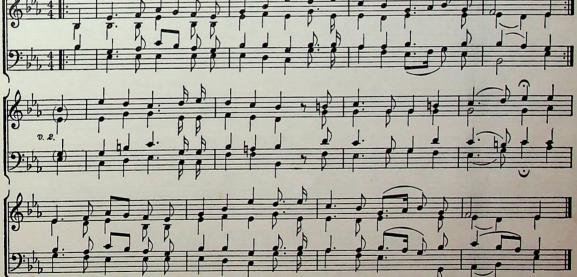
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING



- As he cam' marchin' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out To meet the Chevalier. Oh! Charlie, &c.
- Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads, And claymores bright and clear; They cam' to fight for Scotland's right And the young Chevalier. Oh! Charlie, &c.
- They've left their bonnie Hieland hills, Their wives and bairnies dear, To draw the sword for Scotland's lord, The young Chevalier.
 Oh! Charlie, &c.

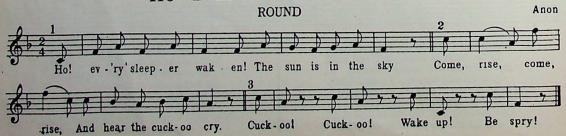
OUR BOYS WILL SHINE TO-NIGHT





The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone.
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him;
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
 Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

2. The Minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul under; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again, For he tore its cords asunder; And said, 'No chain shall sully thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slavery!"

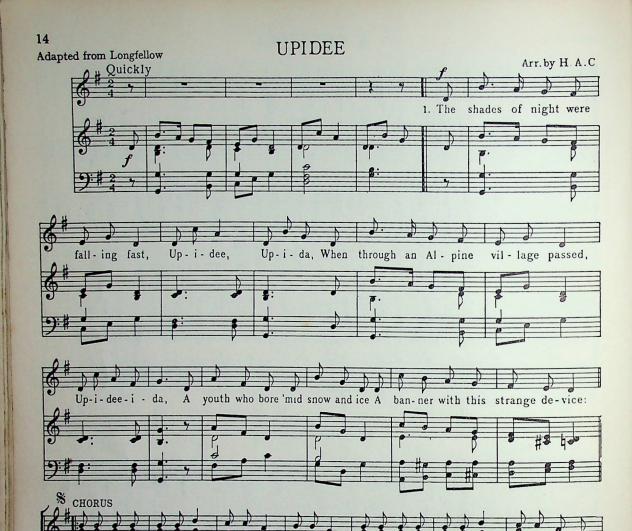


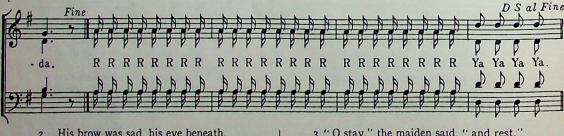




Robin's his dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wished to see?
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

- 2. What made the ball so fine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What, when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh! it was parting with
 Robin Adair.
- 3. But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair.
 But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair.
 Yet him I lov'd so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell,
 Oh! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.





Up-i-da,

Up - i - dee,

2. His brow was sad, his eye beneath, Upidee, Upida, Flashed like a falchion from its sheath, Upidee-1-da, And like a silver clarion rung The accent of that unknown tongue: Upidee, &c.

Up-i-dee-i - dee-i - da.

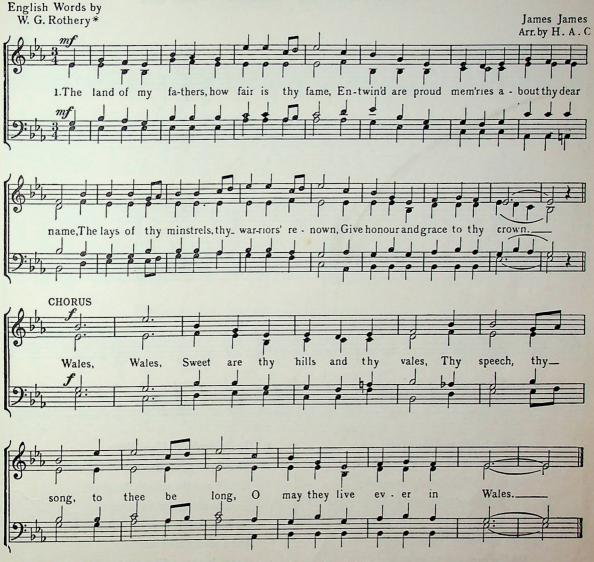
- 3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest,"
 Upidee, Upida,
 "Thy weary head upon this breast."
- Upidee-1-da,

Up-i-dee-i-dee-i-da,

Up-i-dee-i-

"A tear stood in his bright blue eye," But still he answered with a sigh: Upidee, &c.

LAND OF MY FATHERS



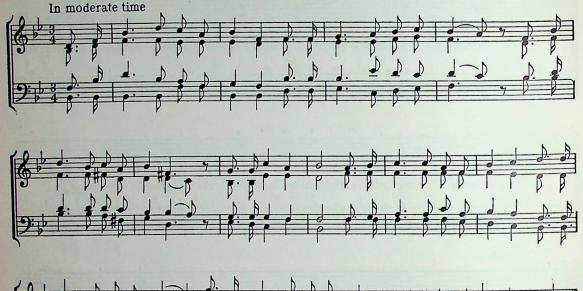
. By termission of Novello and Company, Limited

- 2. The lords of great Snowdon in brave days of yore, For thee fought for freedom by Mona's green shore, Their courage undaunted inspires all our lays, Our harps e'er resound to their praise.
 - Wales, Wales, &c. .
- 3. No more on thy ramparts is heard through the night The trumpet's loud summons to haste to the fight; The contest is over, yet proud my heart thrills When I gaze on thy vict'ry crown'd hills. Wales, Wales, &c.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER

M. G. Lewes

Scottish Air Arr. by H. A.C.





On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet springtide did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she,

When brown Autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And a soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

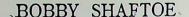
On the banks of Allan Water,

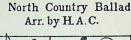
On the banks of Allan Water,
When the wintry snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

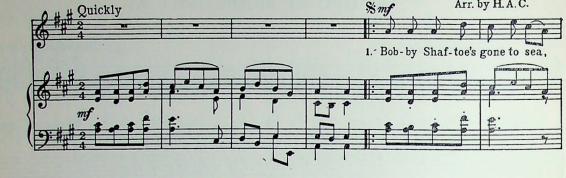
ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

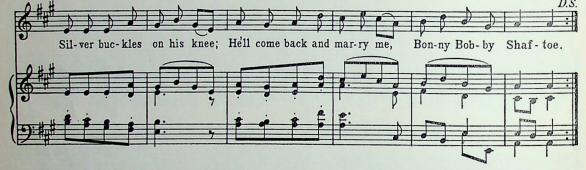


- 2. Tha's been a coortin', Mary Jane.
- 3. Tha'll go and get thi deeath o' cowld.
- 4. Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
- 5. Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.
- 6. Then t' ducks'll come an' ate t' worms.
- 7. Then we shall go an' ate t' ducks.
- 8. Then we shall all 'ave eaten thee.





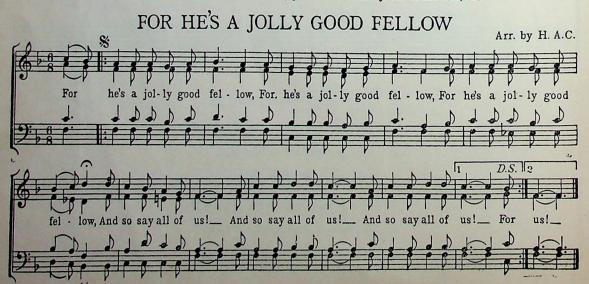




- 2. Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair, Combing down his yellow hair, He's my ain for ever mair, Bonny Bobby Shaftoe
- Bobby Shaftoe's tall and slim, He's always drest so neat and trim, The lasses they all keek at him! Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

- Bobby Shaftoe's gett'n a bairn For to dangle in his airm, In his airm and on his knee, Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
- 5. Bobby Shaftoe's been to sea, Silver buckles on his knee; He's come back and married me, Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Arranged from "North Countrie Ballads," by permission of Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons, Ltd.



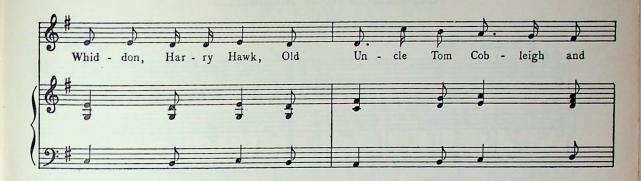


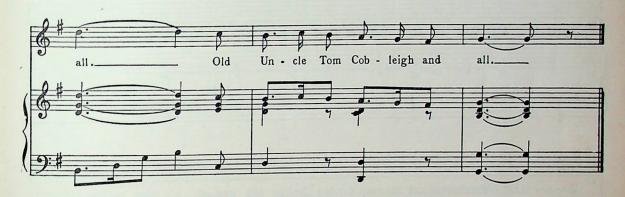
WIDDICOMBE FAIR

Melody and Words from "Song of the West," Devonshire Folk Song collected by Rev. S. Baring-Gould " All a-long, down a-long Tom . Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare, a - long lee, Wid - di-combe Fair out CHORUS

With Bill Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l

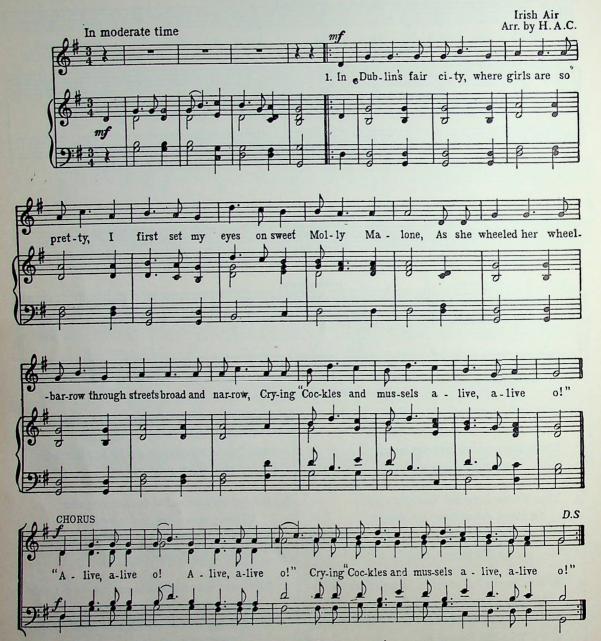
By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Company, Limited





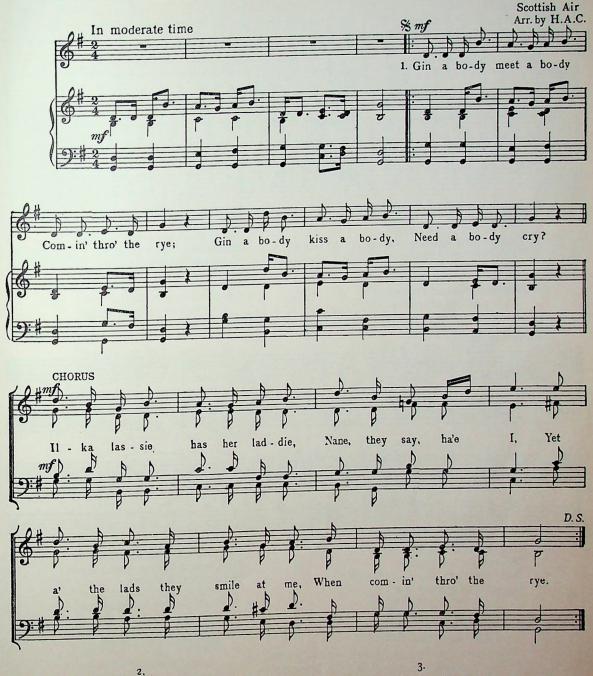
- 2. And when shall I see again my grey mare? All along, down along, out along lee. By Friday soon, or Saturday noon, With Bill Brewer, &c.
- Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
 All along, down along, out along lee.
 But Tom Pearse's old mare have not trotted home,
 With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 4. So Tom Pearse he got up to the top of the hill, All along, down along, out along lee. And he seed his old mare down a-making her will, With Bill Brewer &c.

- So Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and died, All along, down along, out along lee.
 And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried, With Bill Brewer, &c.
- But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
 All along, down along, out along lee.
 Nor though they be dead of the horrid career,
 With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 7. When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night, All along, down along, out along lee. Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear ghastly white, With Bill Brewer, &c.
- And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
 All along, down along, out along lee.
 From Tom Pearse's old mare and a rattling of bones.
 With Bill Brewer, &c.



- She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
 For so were her father and mother before;
 And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying "Cockles and mussels alive, alive O!"
- 3. She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
 Her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying "Cockles and mussels alive, alive O!"

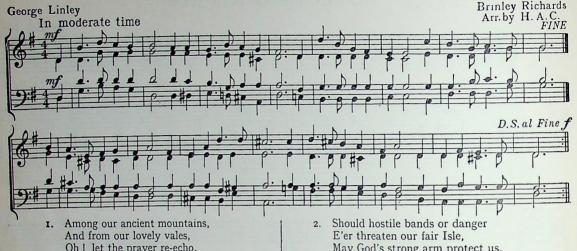
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE



Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the toon,
Gin a body greet a body
Need a body froon ?

'Mang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what 's his name, and whar 's his hame
I dinna care to tell.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES



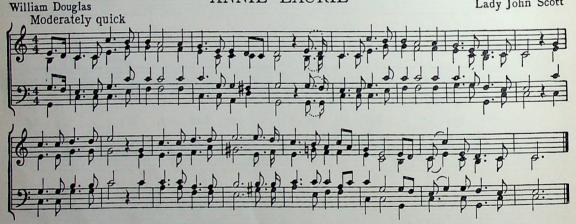
Oh! let the prayer re-echo, "God bless the Prince of Wales!" With heart and voice awaken Those minstrel strains of yore, Till Britain's name and glory Resound from shore to shore!

Among our ancient, &c.

May God's strong arm protect us, May heaven still on us smile! Above the throne of England May fortune's star long shine! And round its sacred bulwarks The olive branches twine! Among our ancient, &c.

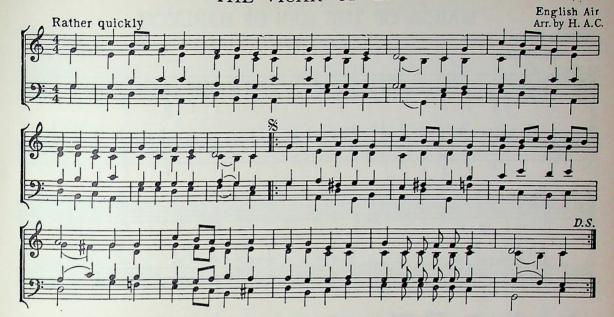
ANNIE LAURIE

Lady John Scott



Maxwellton's braes are bonnie, Where early fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true; Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee.

- Her brow is like the snowdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone on ; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee.
- 3. Like dew on th' gowan lying Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet, And like winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee.



- In good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous High Churchman was I,
 And so I got preferment;
 To teach my flock I never missed,
 Kings were by God appointed,
 And lost are they that dare resist,
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law, that I'll maintain,
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King may reign
 I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.
- When royal James possessed the crown, And Popery grew in fashion, The penal laws I hooted down, And read the Declaration; The Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my constitution, And I had been a Jesuit, But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, &c.
- 3. When William was our King declared,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steered
 And swore to him allegiance,
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance,
 And passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance

And this is law, &c_

4. When gracious Anne became our Queen, The Church of England's glory, Another face of things was seen, And I became a Tory; Occasional Conformists base, I blamed their moderation, And thought the Church in danger was By such prevarication.

And this is law, &c.

5. When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
I turned a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir,
And this preferment I procured,
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost ev'ry day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is law, &c.

6. The illustrious house of Hanover, And Protestant succession, To these I do allegiance swear, While they can keep possession, For in my faith and loyalty I never more will falter, And George my lawful King shall be, Until the times do alter.

And this is law, &c.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

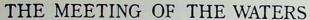


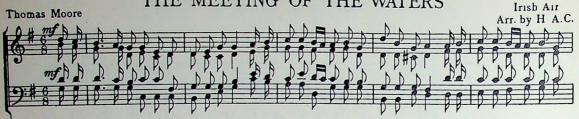
- 1. Men of Harlech! in the hollow, Do ye hear, like rushing billow, Wave on wave that surging follow, Battle's distant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the ground ! Loose the folds asunder, Flag we conquer under! The placid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thunder! Onward! 'tis our country needs us! He is bravest, he who leads us! Honour's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right !
- Rocky steeps and passes narrow Flash with spear and flight of arrow, Who would think of death or sorrow? Glory crowns us now! Hurl the reeling horsemen over! Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of wife, of lover, Trembles on a blow! Strands of life are riven; Blow for blow is given, In deadly lock, or battle shock, And mercy shrieks to heaven! Men of Harlech, young and hoary, Would you win a name in story! Strike for home, for life, for glory! Cambria, God, and Right I

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON



- T. Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds from the hill, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell, Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear, I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.
- 2. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills, Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills! There daily I wander, as morn rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow! There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.
- 3. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the cot where my Mary resides! How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes, Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays, My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.







There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet, Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

- 2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or rill, Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.
- "Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
- Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
 cease,

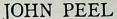
And our hearts. like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

ALL THRO' THE NIGHT

Welsh Air



- While the moon her watch is keeping,
 All through the night,
 While the weary world is sleeping,
 All through the night,
 O'er my bosom gently stealing,
 Visions of delight revealing,
 Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
 All through the night.
- 2. Love, to thee my thoughts are turning,
 All through the night,
 And for thee my heart is yearning,
 All through the night,
 Though sad fate our lives may sever,
 Parting will not last for ever,
 There's a hope that leaves me never,
 All through the night.





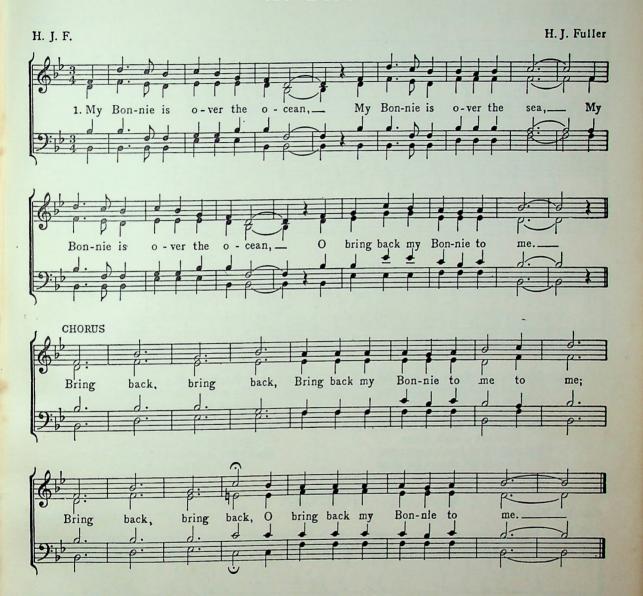
- Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too, Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morning.
- 3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morning.
- D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
 He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
 Now he has gone far, far away,
 We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE



- Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day, With curly eyes and laughing hair, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
- I came to a river and couldn't get across, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day, I jumped on a nigger and tho't he was a hoss, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
- A grasshopper sitting on a railroad track, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day, A-picking his teeth with a carpet tack, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

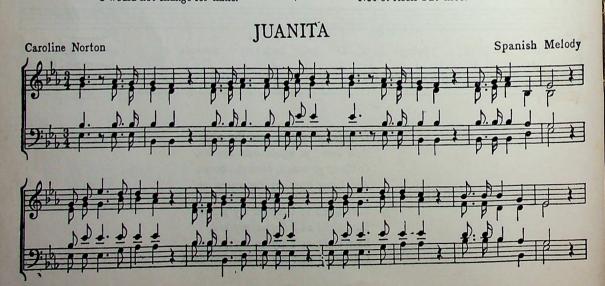
MY BONNIE

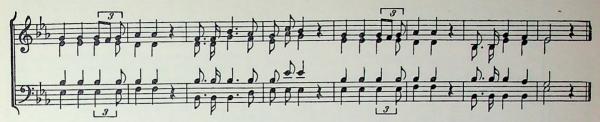


- O blow, ye winds, over the ocean, And blow, ye winds, over the sea, O blow, ye winds, over the ocean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.
- Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.



- I. Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine;
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine.
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip
 I would not change for thine.
- I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.





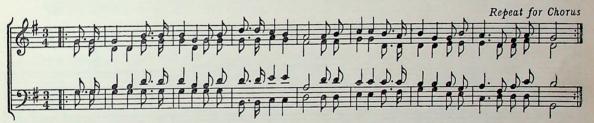
I. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the Southern moon Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendour, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their fond farewell. Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part! Nita! Juanita!

Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming
Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming,
Prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting,
For thine absent lover sigh?
In thy heart consenting
To a pray'r gone by?
Nita! Juanuta!
Let me linger by thy side!
Nita! Juanita!
Be my own fair bride

CLEMENTINE

Arr. by H.A.C.



I.

In a cavern, by a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

2.

Light she was, and like a fairy And her shoes were number nine, Herring boxes without topses, Sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS.

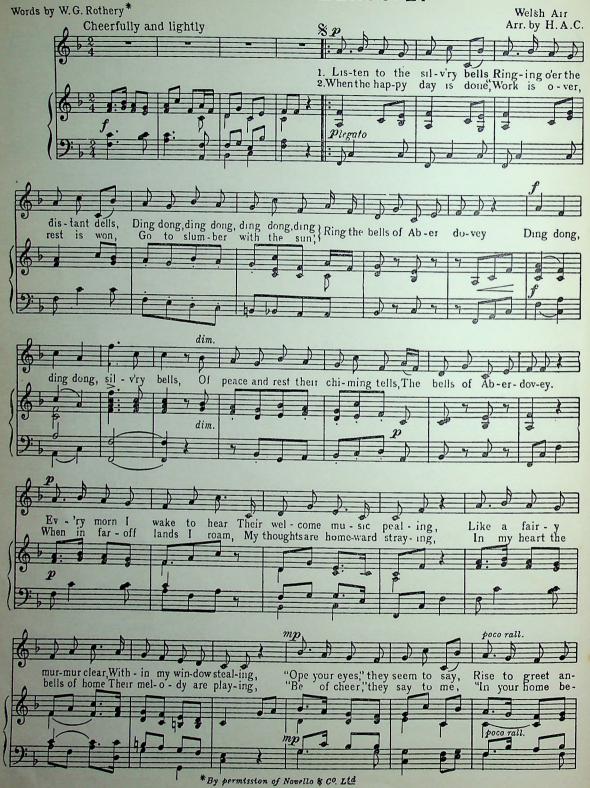
3.

Drove she ducklings to the water Every morning just at nine, Struck her foot against a splinter, Fell into the foaming brine. CHORUS.

4

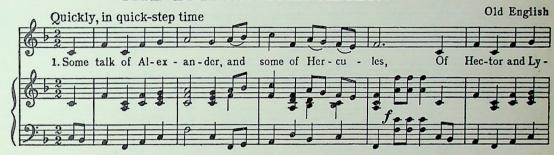
Rosy lips above the water, Blowing bubbles mighty fine, But, alas! I was no swimmer, So I lost my Clementine. CHORUS

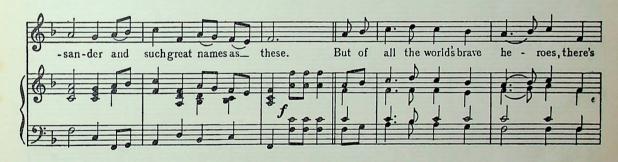
5.
How I missed her! how I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.
CHORUS.





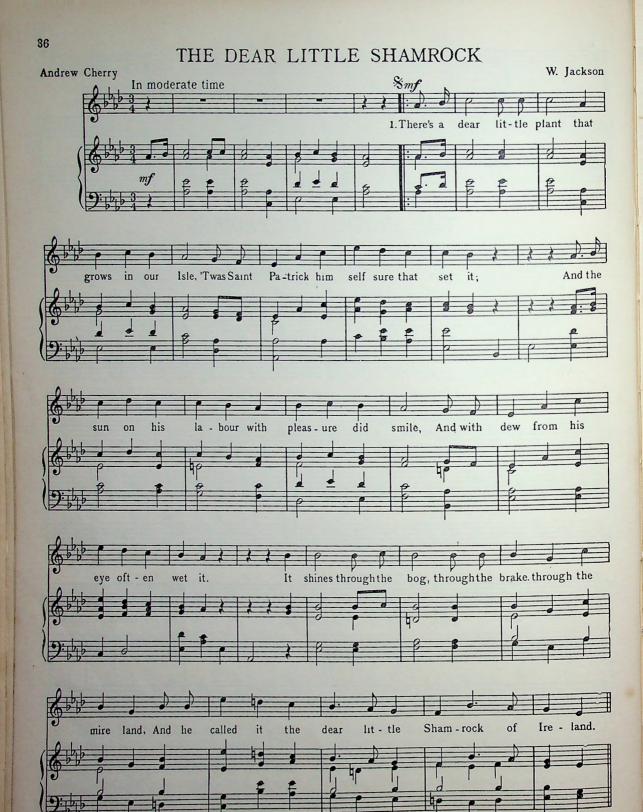
THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

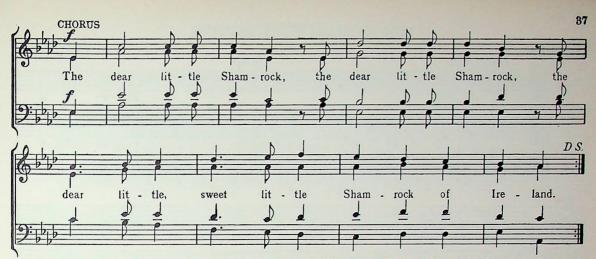






- Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
 Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes
 withal; [fears; &c.
 But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their
- Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
 Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades,
 [ears; &c.
 We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies'
- And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
 The townsmen cry, "Hurra, boys, here comes a
 Grenadier, [doubts or fears!" &c.
 Here come the Grenadiers my boys, who know no
- Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no
 Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped
 clothes; [years, &c,
 May they and their commanders live happy all their





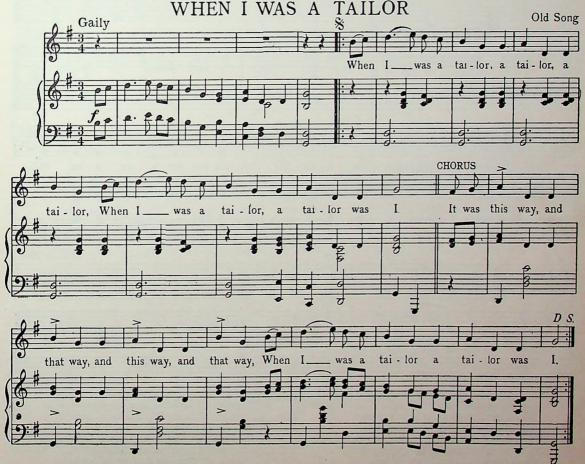
2. That dear little plant still grows in our land Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,

Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in [the mireland,
For they shine through the bog, through the brake, and
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little Shamrock, &c.

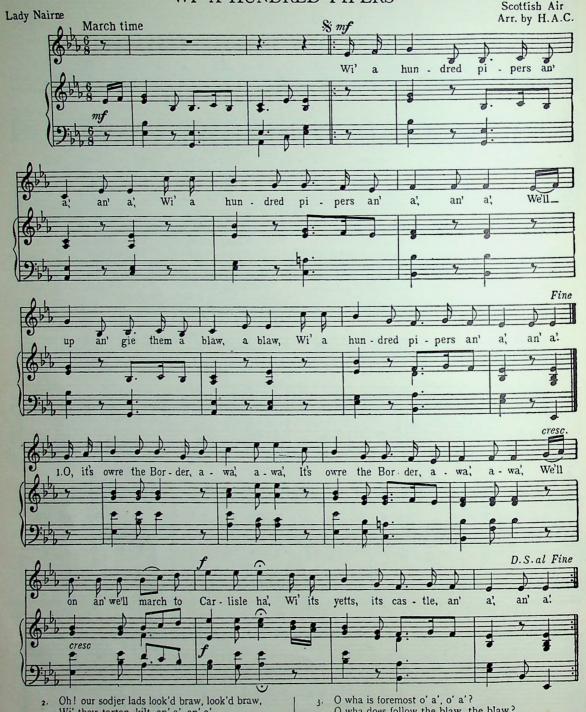
 That dear little plant, that springs from our soil, When its three little leaves are extended, Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended. [mireland, And still through the bog, through the brake, and the From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland. The dear little Shamrock, &c.



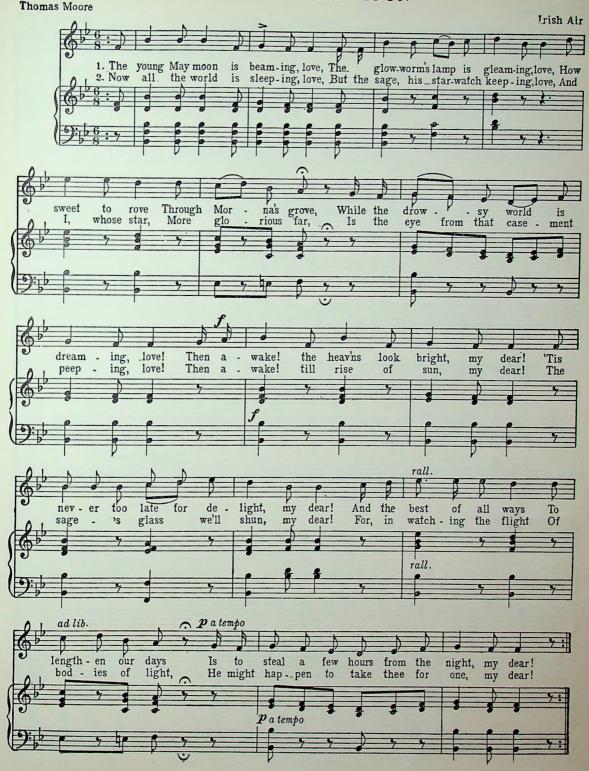
This song may be extended ad lib. by varying the trades, and, if desired, suitable actions may be employed in the Chorus at the words "It was this way, &c."





- 2. Oh! our sodjer lads look'd braw, look'd braw Wi' their tartan, kilt, an' a', an' a' Wi bonnets, feathers, an' glitt'rin' gear, An' pibrochs soundin' sweet and clear. Will they a' return to their ain dear glen? Will they a' return, oor Hieland men? Second-sichted Sandy look'd fu' wae, An' mithers grat when they march'd away. Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.
- O wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
 O wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
 Bonnie Charlie, the Prince o' us a', hurrah!
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'
 His bonnet an' feather he 's wavin' high,
 His prancin' steed just seems to fly,
 The nor' wind sweeps thro' his golden hair,
 An' the pibrochs blaw wi' an unco flare.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON



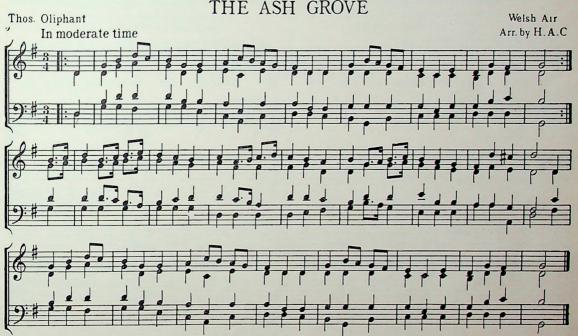


* By permission of Novello & Co Ltd.



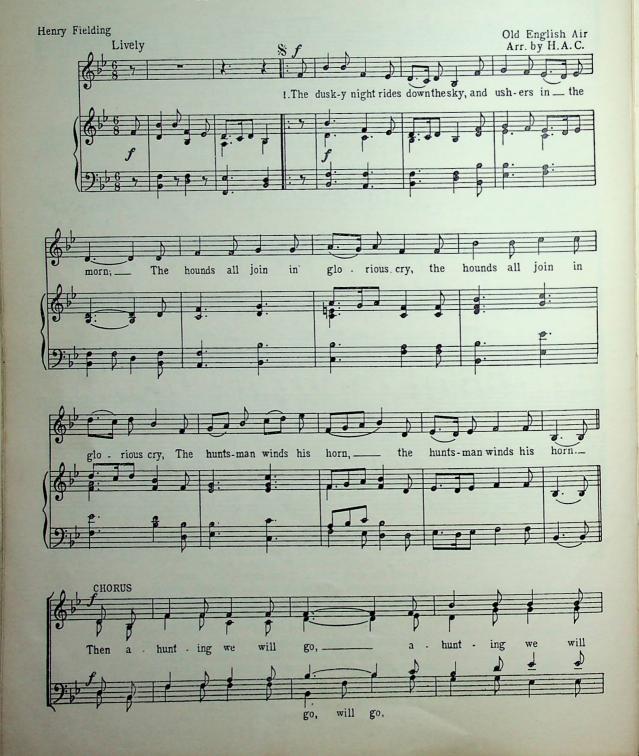
 In Derry vale, amid the Foyle's dark waters, The salmon leap above the surging weir, The sea-birds call—I still can hear them calling In night's long dreams of those so dear.

CHORUS. Oh, tarrying years, fly faster, ever faster, I long to see the vale belov'd so well, I long to know that I am not forgotten, And there at home in peace to dwell



- Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
 When twilight is fading I pensively rove;
 Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander,
 Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove;
 'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
 I first met that dear one—the joy of my heart!
 Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
 Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.
- 2. Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain, Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree; Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain, But what are the beauties of Nature to me? With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden, All day I go mourning in search of my love! Ye echoes! oh, tell me, where is the sweet maiden? "She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO



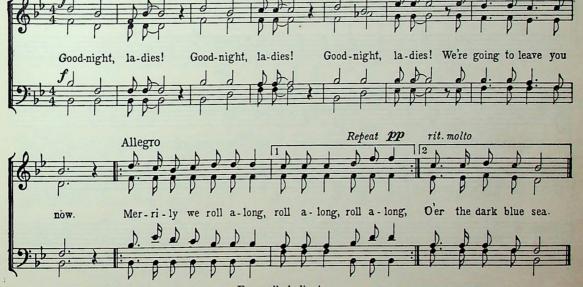


- The wife around her husband throws Her arms, and begs him stay. My dear it rains, it hails, and snows, You will not hunt to-day. But a-hunting we will go, &c.
- A brushing fox in yonder wood, Secure to find we seek; For why, I carried sound and good, A cart load there last week. And a-hunting we will go, &c.

Sostenuto

- Away he goes, he flies the rout, Their steeds all spur and switch; Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch. But a-hunting we will go, &c.
- 5. At length his strength to faintness worn, Poor Reynard ceases flight; Then hungry homeward we return, To feast away the night Then a-feasting we will go, &c.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

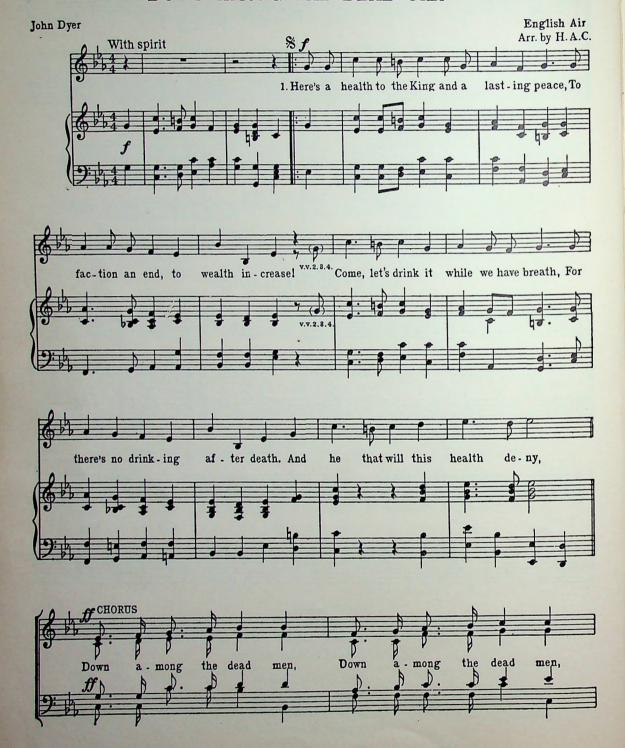


Farewell, ladies ! Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!

We're going to leave you now.

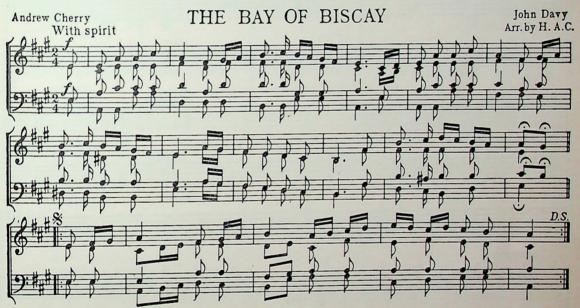
Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN



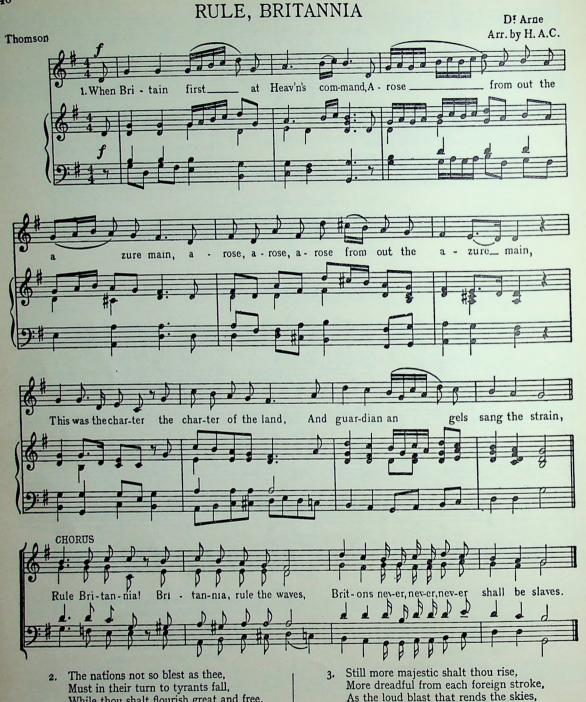


- Let charming beauty's health go round, In whom celestial joys are found. And may confusion still pursue The senseless woman-hating crew; And they that woman's health deny, Down among the dead men, &c.
- In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul,
 Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to love.
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men, &c.
- 4. May love and wine their rites maintain, And their united pleasures reign; While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board, We'll sing the joys that both afford. And he that won't with us comply, Down among the dead men, &c.

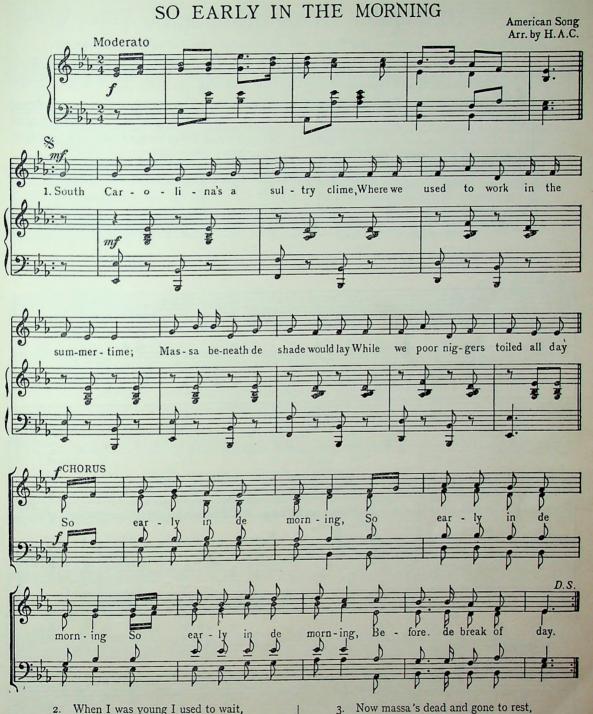


- Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder,
 By lightning's vivid powers:
 The night was drear and dark,
 Our poor deluded bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!
- 2. Now dashed upon the billow,
 Her opening timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till next day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

- At length the wished-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh.
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 All that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!
- Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent.
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!



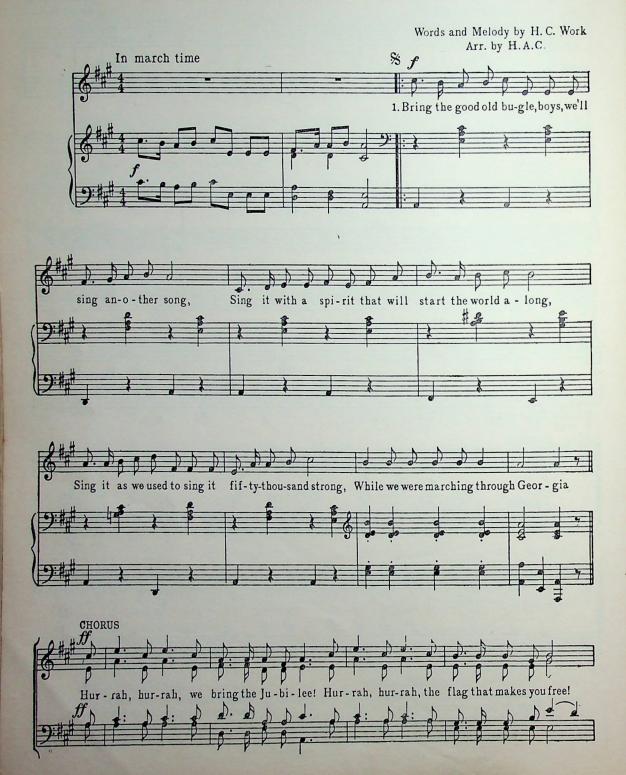
- While thou shalt flourish great and free, The dread and envy of them all. Rule, Britannia, &c.
- As the loud blast that rends the skies, Serves but to root thy native oak. Rule, Britannia, &c.
- The muses still with freedom found, Shall to thy happy coast repair, Blest Isle with matchless beauty crown'd. And manly hearts to guard the fair. Rule. Britannia, &c.

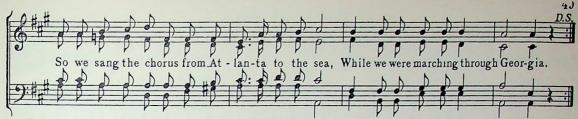


 When I was young I used to wait, On massa's table lay de plate; Pass de bottle when him dry, Brush away de blue-tailed fly.
 So early in de morning, &c.

Now massa's dead and gone to rest,
 Of all de massas he war best;
 I nebber see de like since I was born,
 Miss him now he's dead and gone.
 So carly in de morning, &c.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA





How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful 4. "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the sound;

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found; How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground, While we were marching through Georgia. Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears. years,

When they saw the honoured flag they had not seen for Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in While we were marching through Georgia. [cheers, Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

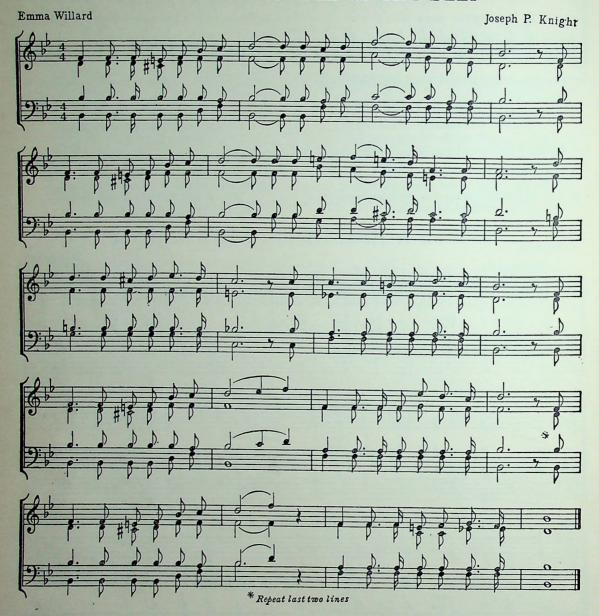
coast,"

So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast; Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host, While we were marching through Georgia. Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

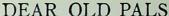
So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main; Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain, While we were marching through Georgia. Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

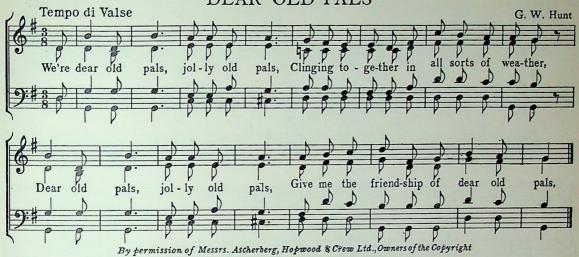
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY Traditional John Savile Vigorously Arr. by H. A. C. Here's a health His Мa un to - jes ty, mies, fal lal lal la Con fu - sion to his en that will not pledge his wish him nei - ther And he health, la. nor wealth, Nor yet rope to hang him - self; With a fal fal lal lal lal lal la la la.

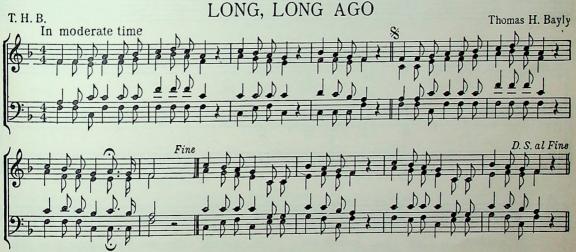
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP



- I. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Secure I rest upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
- 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine, Or though the tempest's fiery breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death, In ocean cave still save with Thee, The germ of immortality; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.







Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago,
Long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago

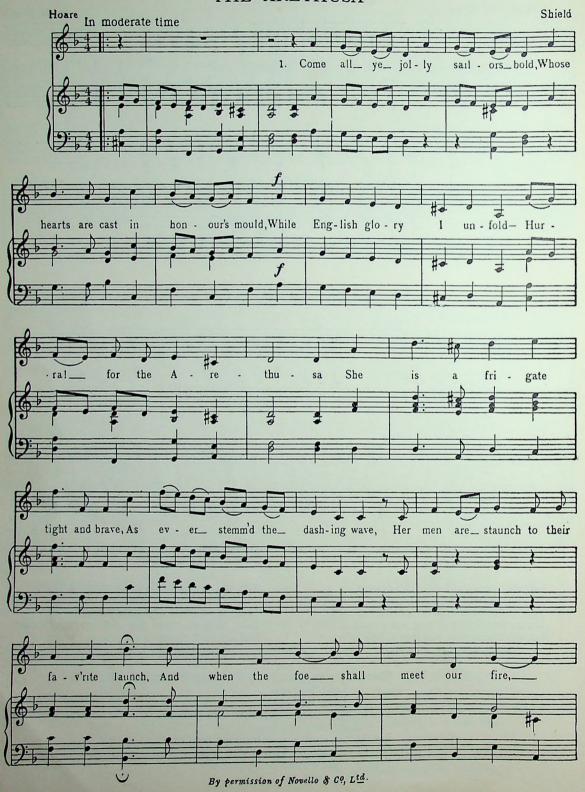
Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago,
Long, long ago?

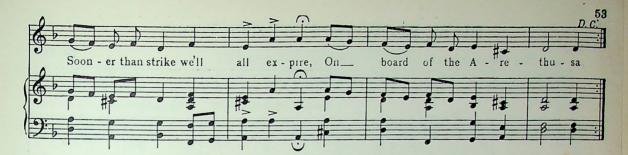
Ah! yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Then, to all others, my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard
Long, long ago long ago

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago,
Long, long ago;
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago

THE ARETHUSA





- 2. 'Twas with the spring fleet she went out The English Channel to cruise about, When four French sail, in show so stout, Bore down on the Arethusa. The fam'd Belle Poule straight ahead did lie, The Arethusa seem'd to fly, Not a sheet, or a tack, Or a brace did she slack; Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff, But they knew not the handful of men, so tough, On board of the Arethusa.
- 3. On deck five hundred men did dance, The stoutest they could find in France; We with two hundred did advance, On board the Arethusa. Our Captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho!" The Frenchman then cried out, "Hallo!"
 - "Bear down, d'ye see, To our Admiral's lee!"
- "No, no!" says the Frenchman, "that can't be!"
- "Then I must lug you along with me," Says the saucy Arethusa.
- 4. The fight was off the Frenchman's land, We drove them back upon their strand, For we fought till not a stick could stand Of the gallant Arethusa.

 And we've driv'n the foe ashore, Never to fight with Britons more, Let each fill a glass
 To his fav'rite lass:
 A health to the Captain and officers true, And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the Arethusa.



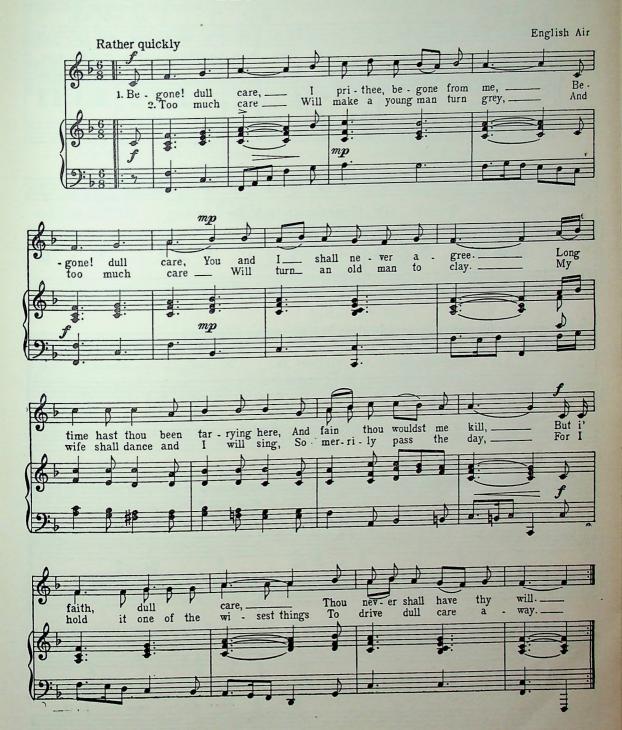
- Oh where and oh where is your Highland laddle gone? Oh where and oh where is your Highland laddle gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King George on the throne, And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.
- 2. Oh where and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh where and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the Sign of the Blue Bell, And it's oh! in my heart I love my laddie well.
- 3. Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland laddie clad? Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland laddie clad? His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.
- 4. Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland lad should die!
 Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland lad should die!
 The bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;

But it's oh! in my heart that I feel he will not die.



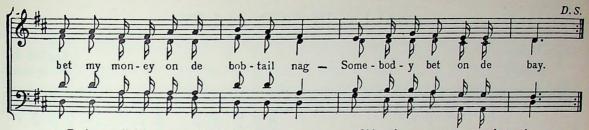
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not.

BEGONE! DULL CARE



By permission of Novello & Co, Ltd.



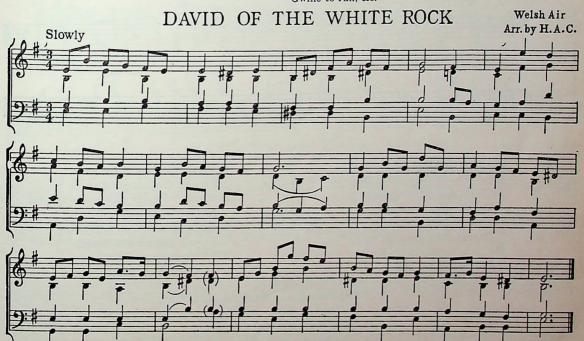


De long-tail filly and de big black hoss,
 Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
 Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
 Oh! doo-dah day!
 De blind hoss stick in a big mud-hole,
 Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
 Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot pole,
 Oh! doo-dah day!

Gwine to run, &c.

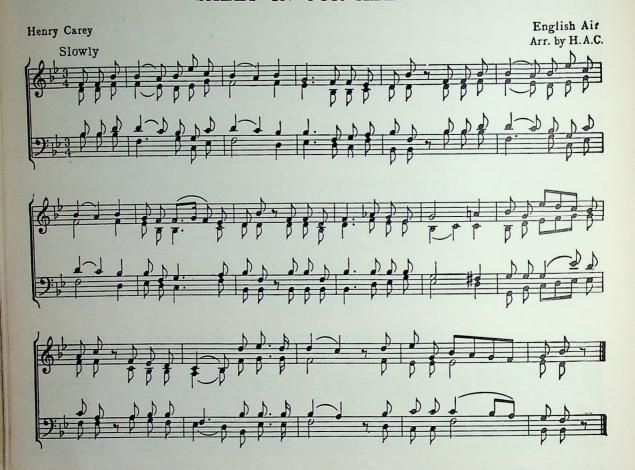
3. Old muley cow come on to de track,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back,
Oh! doo-dah day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah
Runnin' a race wid a shootin star,
Oh! doo-dah day!
Gwine to run, &c.

4. See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Round de race-track den repeat, Oh! doo-dah day! I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I keep my money in an old tow bag, Oh! doo-dah day! Gwine to run, &c.



- Bring me, said David, the harp I adore, I long, ere death calls me, to play it once more Help me to reach my belov'd strings again, On widow and children, God's blessing remain.
- Last night I heard a kind angel thus say,
 David, fly home on the wings of thy lay,"
 Harp of my youth, and thy music, adieu,
 Widow and children, God's blessing on you.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY



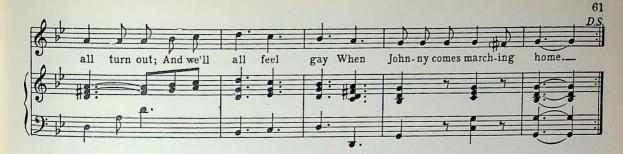
There 's none like pretty Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. There is no lady in the land That 's half so sweet as Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley.

- Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday.
 O then I'm dressed all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.
- When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money;
 I'll save it up, and, box and all,
 I'll give unto my honey;
 And when my seven long years are out
 O then I'll marry Sally,
 And then how happily we'll live!
 But not in our alley.

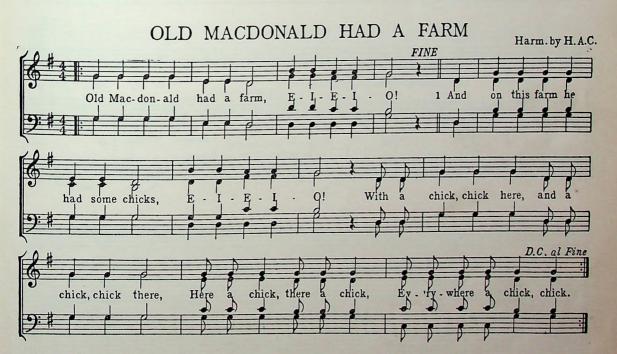


WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME



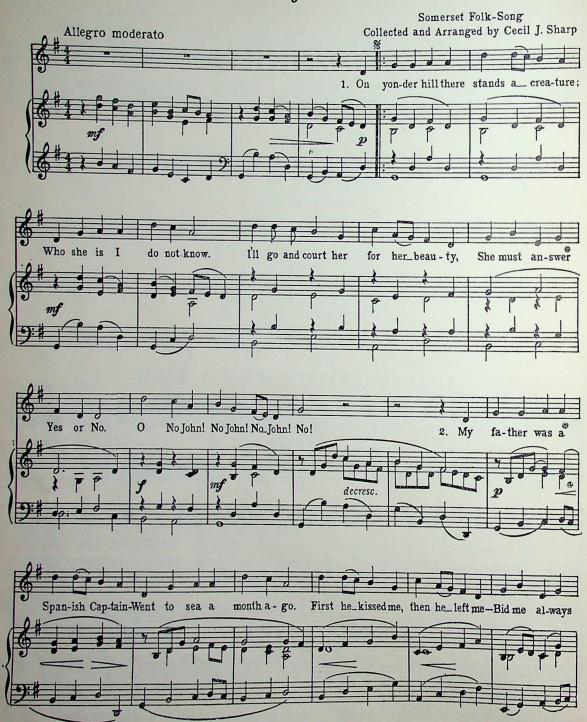


- Get ready for the Jubilee,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll give the hero three times three,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The laurel wreath is ready now
 To place upon his royal brow:
 And we'll all feel gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.
- 3. Let love and friendship on that day,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Their choicest treasures then display,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 And let each one perform his part
 To fill with joy the warrior's heart;
 And we'll all feel gay
 When Johnny comes marching home

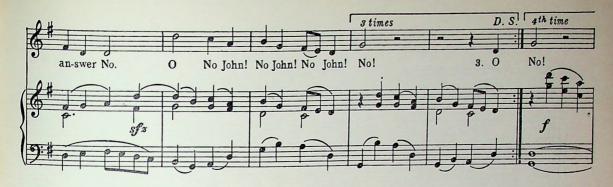


- 2. And on this farm he had some ducks, With a quack, quack here, &c.
- 3. And on this farm he had some turkeys, With a gobble, gobble here, &c.
- 4. And on this farm he had some pigs, With a oink-oink here, &c.
- And on this farm he had a Ford, With a rattle, rattle here, &c.

O NO JOHN!



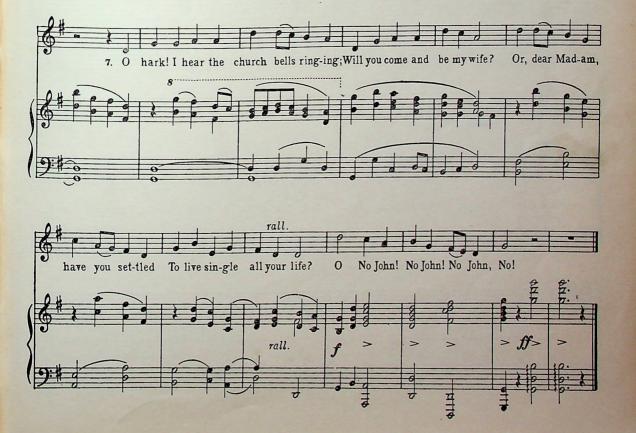
Copyright, 1908, by Novello & Company, Limited

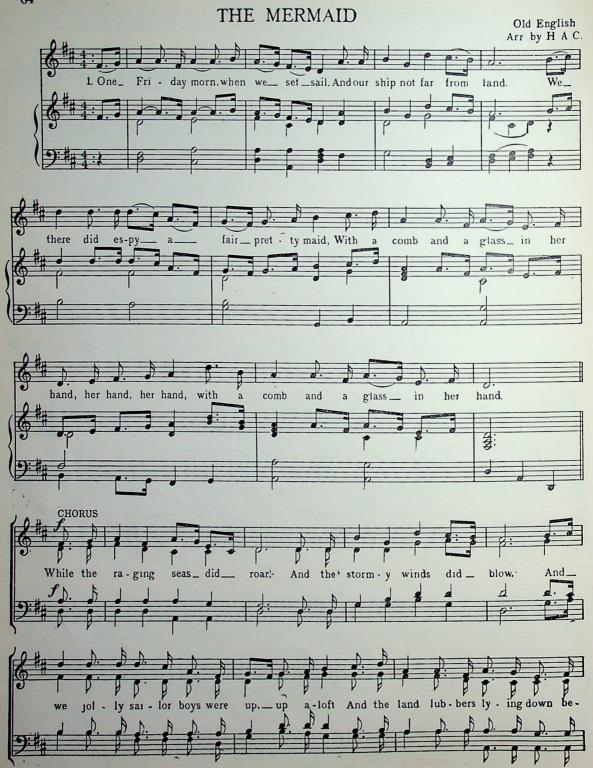


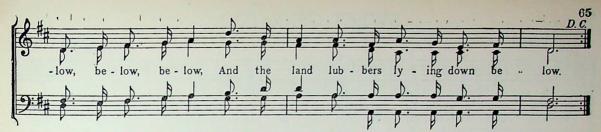
- 3 O Madam, in your face is beauty, On your lips red roses grow. Will you take me for your lover? Madam, answer Yes or No. O No John! No John! No John! No!
- 4 O Madam, I will give you jewels;
 I will make you rich and free;
 I will give you silken dresses.
 Madam, will you marry me?
 O No John! No John! No John! No!
- O Madam, since you are so cruel,
 And that you do scorn me so,

 If I may not be your lover,
 Madam, will you let me go?

 O No John! No John! No John! No!
- 6 Then I will stay with you for ever,
 If you will not be unkind.
 Madam, I have vowed to love you;
 Would you have me change my mind?
 O No John! No John! No John! No!



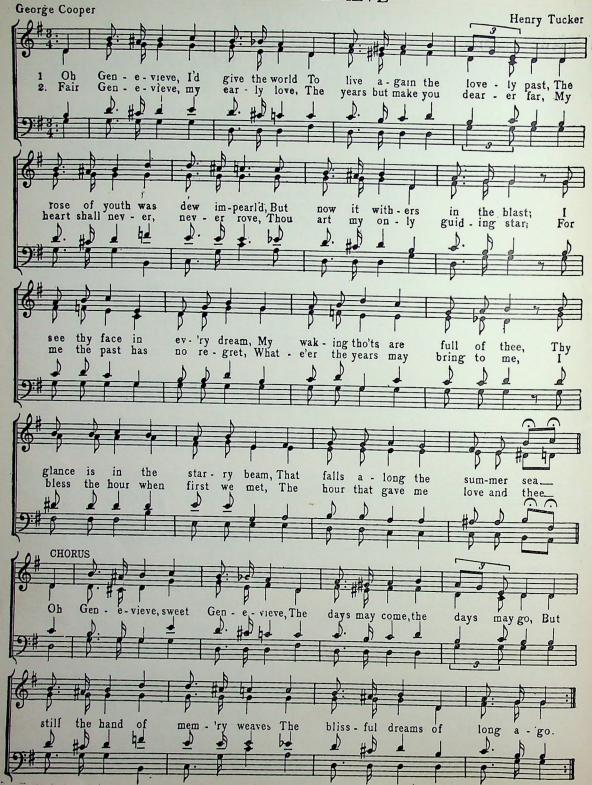


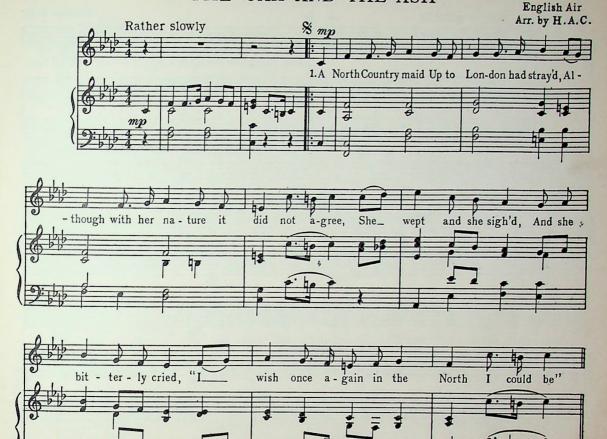


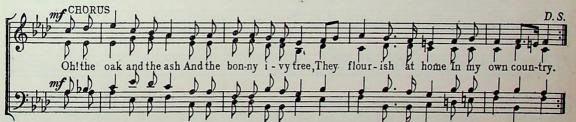
- Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship, Who at once our peril did see,
 - "I have married a wife in fair London town, And this night she a widow will be." For the raging seas, &c.
- And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
 And a fair hair'd boy was he,
 "I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
 And this night they will weep for me."
 For the raging seas, &c.
- 4. Then three times round went our gallant ship, And three times round went she; For the want of a lifeboat they all went down, As she sank to the bottom of the sea. For the raging seas, &c.



- I. I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, And o'er the moor and valley Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, Since parting with my Sally I seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but remind me How swiftly pass'd the hours away With the girl I left behind me.
- 2. Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night, The stars were bright above me, And gently lent their silv'ry light, When first she vow'd to love me. But now I'm bound to Brighton* camp, Kind heaven, then pray, guide me, And send me safely back again To the girl I've left behind me.
- 3. Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swan repining.
 Ye gods above, O hear my prayer,
 To my beauteous fair to bind me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.
- 4. The bee shall honey taste no more,
 The dove become a ranger,
 The falling waters cease to roar,
 Ere I shall seek to change her.
 The vows we register'd above
 Shall ever cheer and bind me
 In constancy to her I love,
 The girl I've left behind me.







 While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
 Where lads and young lasses are making the hay; The merry bells ring.
 And the birds sweetly sing,

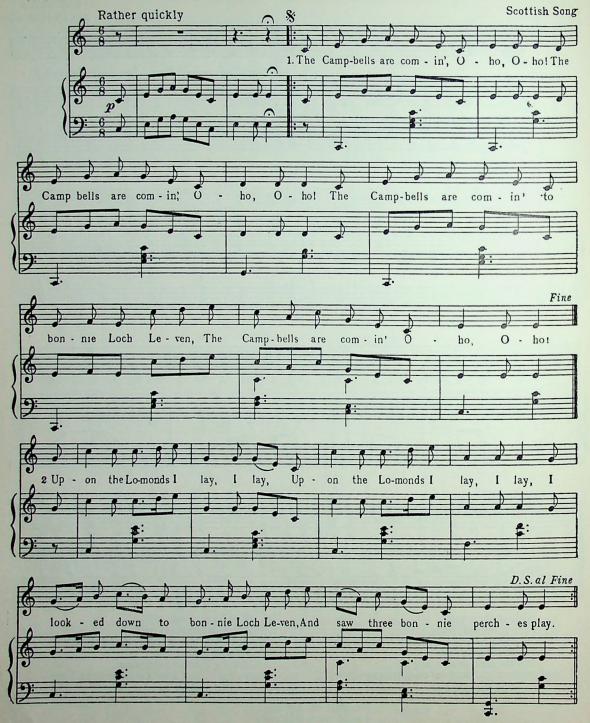
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

Oh! the-oak, &c.

Of parks they may talk,
Where 'tis fashion to walk,
I'll own the gay throng is a wonderful sight,
But naught have I seen
Like the Westmoreland green,
Where all of us danc'd from the morning till night.
Oh! the oak, &c.

No doubt, did I please,
I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed
Must be North Country bred,
And carry me back to my North Country home.
Oh! the oak, &c.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'



- 3. The great Argyle he goes before,
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum.
 The Campbells are comin', O-ho! O-ho!
 The Campbells. &c.
- 4. The Campbells they are a in arms.
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind.
 The Campbells are comin', O-ho! O-ho!
 The Campbells. &c

LITTLE BROWN JUG



- When I go toiling to my farm
 I take little brown jug under my arm;
 I place it under a shady tree—
 Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.
 Ha! ha! &c.
- If I'd a cow that gave such milk I'd clothe her in the finest silk; I'd feed her on the choicest hay, And milk her forty times a day, Ha! ha! ha! &c.



And jump out anywhere Oh, 'tis my delight of a shiny night. In the season of the year.

Yes, 'tis my delight, &c.

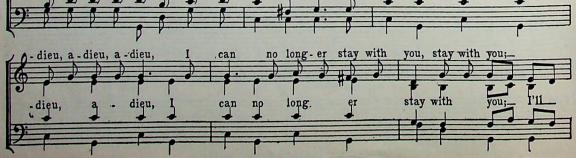
Oh, 'tis my delight of a shiny night In the season of the year.

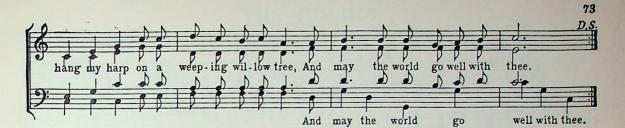
Yes, 'tis my delight, &c.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?









2. He left me for a damsel dark, Each Friday night they used to spark, And now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Fare thee well, &c.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep.
 Put tombstones at my head and feet,
 And on my breast carve a turtle-dove,
 To signify I died of love.

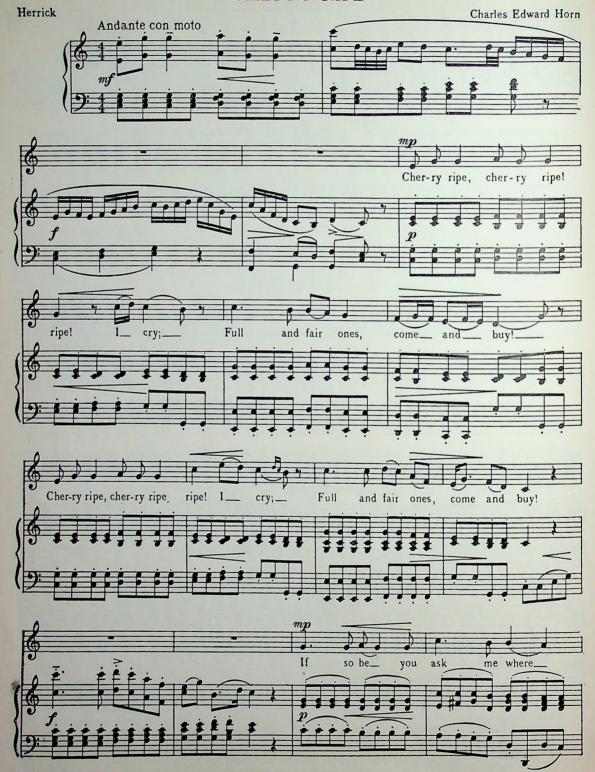
Fare thee well, &c.

EARLY ONE MORNING

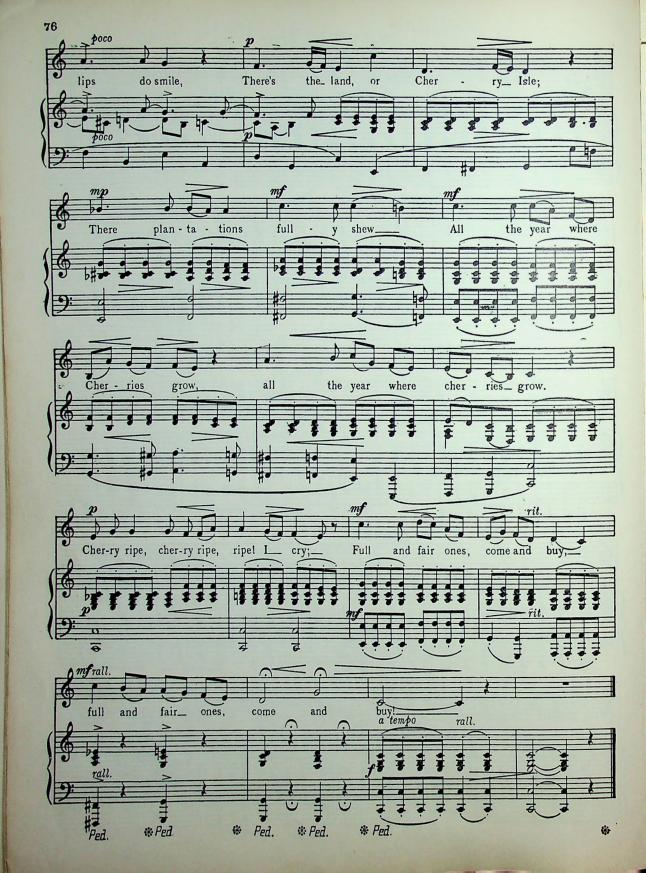


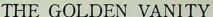
- 2. Remember the vows that you made to your Mary, Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.

 "Oh! don't deceive me," &c.
- Oh gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses, I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow. "Oh! don't deceive me, &c
 - 4. Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing, Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below.
 "Oh! don't deceive me," &c.



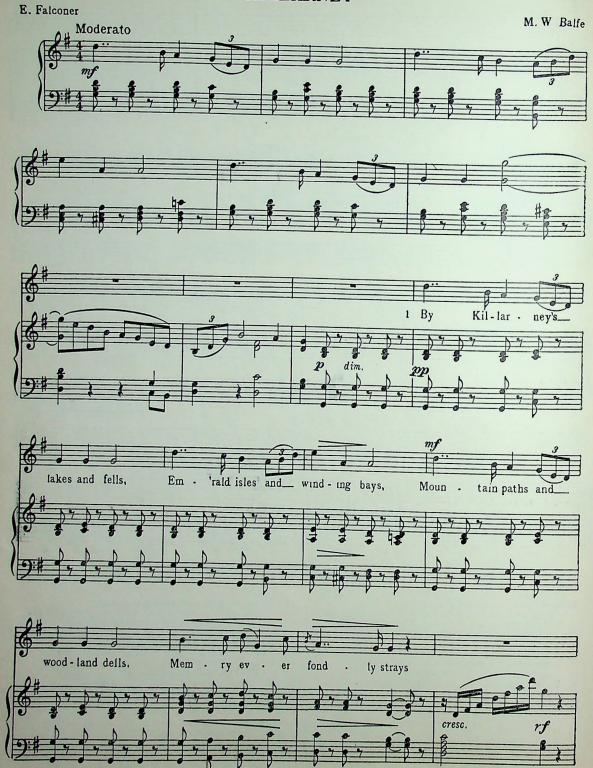


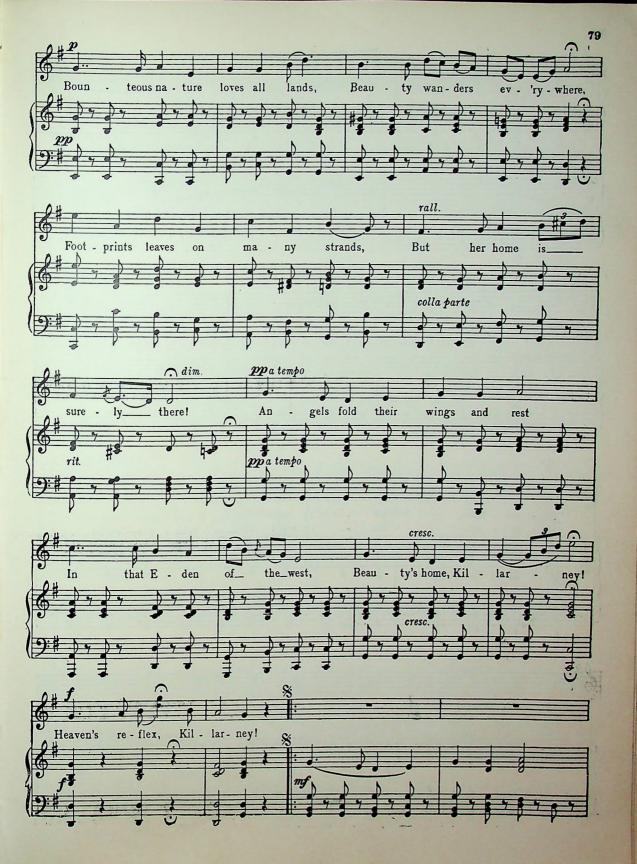


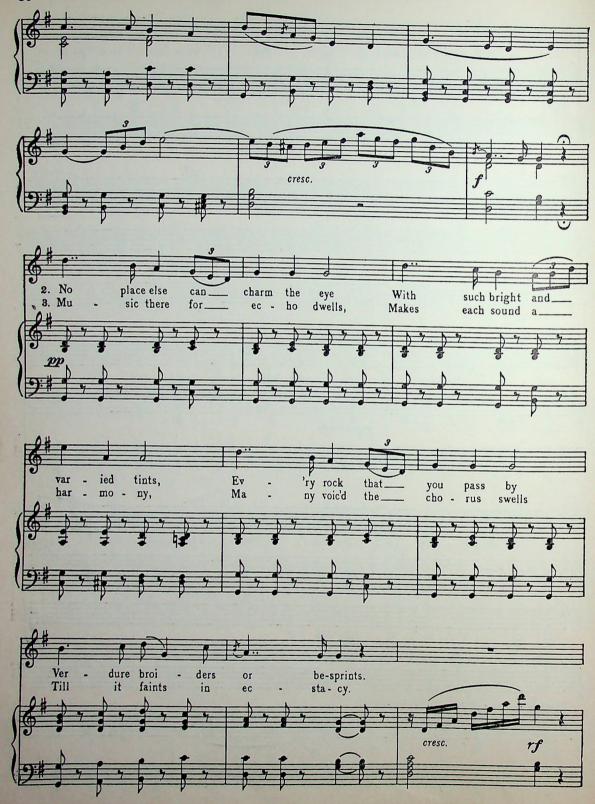


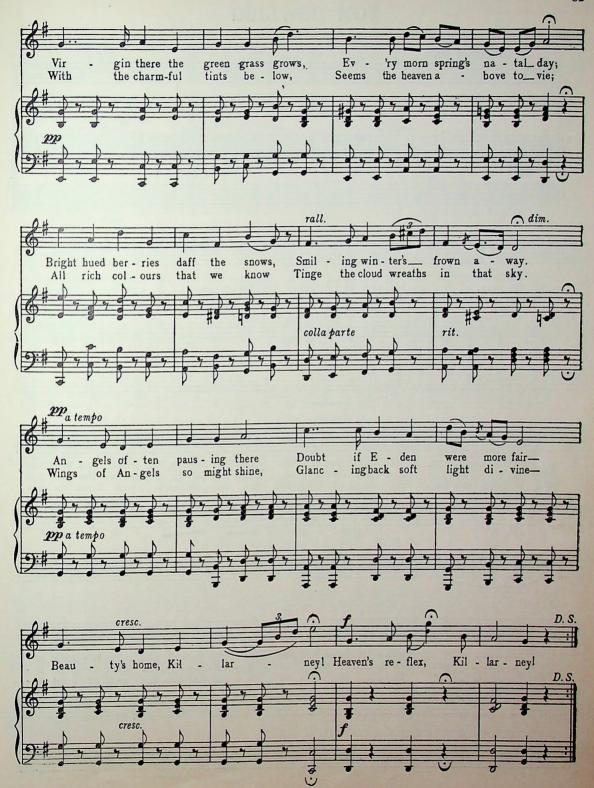


- And then up started our little cabin boy, Saying "What will you give me if the galley I destroy; Will you give me of your treasure, if I sink the gallilee, If I sink her in the Lowlands low?"
- 3. "I will give you gold, I will give you of my store, And my daughter you shall marry when we return to shore, If you sink the Turkish ship to the bottom of the sea, If you sink her in the Lowlands low "
- 4. The boy bent his breast and he jumped into the sea, Taking with him an auger from the "Golden Vanity," And he swam until he came to a Turkish gallilee, As she lay in the Lowlands low.
- 5. He bored with his auger two holes in a trice,
 While some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
 And he let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
 And he sank them in the Lowlands low.
- 6. He swam back again to the "Golden Vanity," Saying, "Master, take me up, I am drowning in the sea, For the Turkish ship is sunk, from all peril we are free, I have sunk her in the Lowlands low."
- I'll not take thee up, nor give you of my store,
 My daughter you shall not marry, when I come to shore,
 I will skill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the tide,
 I will drown you in the Lowlands low."
- 8. The boy swam around to the starboard side, Saying, "Shipmates, pick me up, I am drowning with the tide," And they laid him on the deck, and then, alas I he died, And they sank him in the Lowlands low.

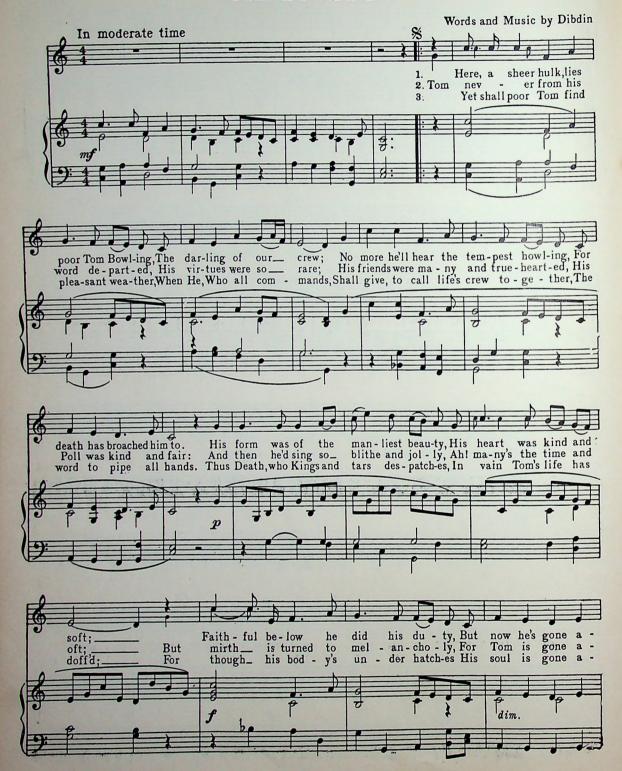






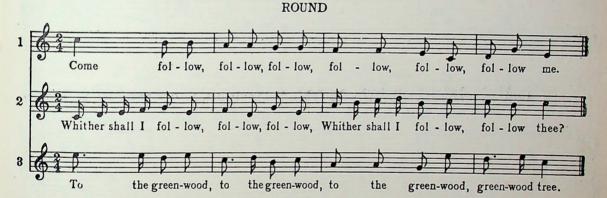


TOM BOWLING

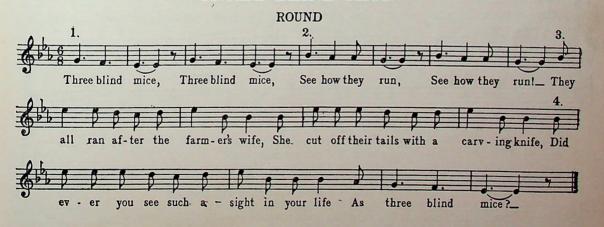


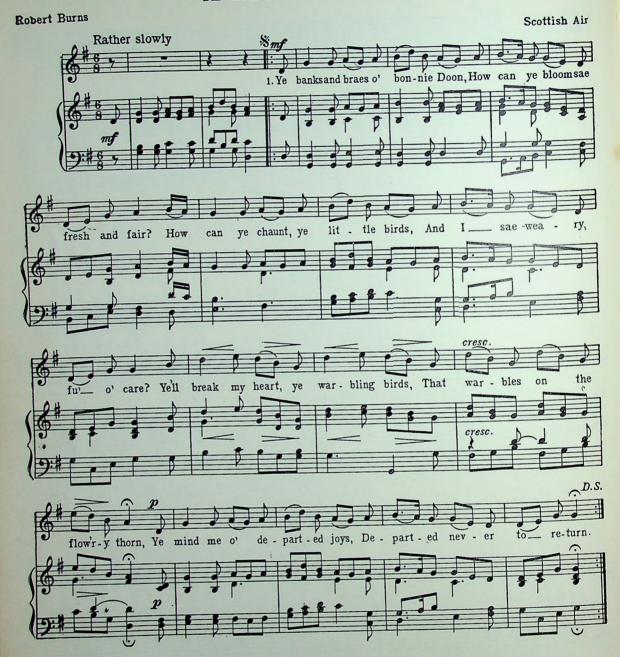


COME, FOLLOW!



THREE BLIND MICE

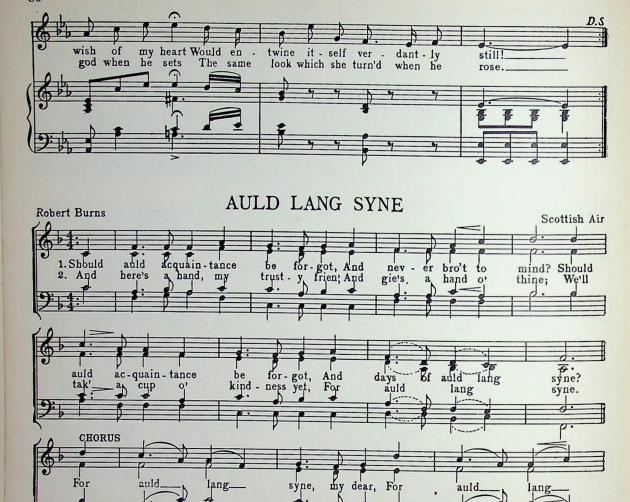




Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
By morning and by evening shine,
To hear the birds sing o' their loves,
As fondly once I sang o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I stretched my hand,
And pu'd a rose-bud from the tree
But my fause lover stole the rose
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS







The following words may be sung to the above Tune :-

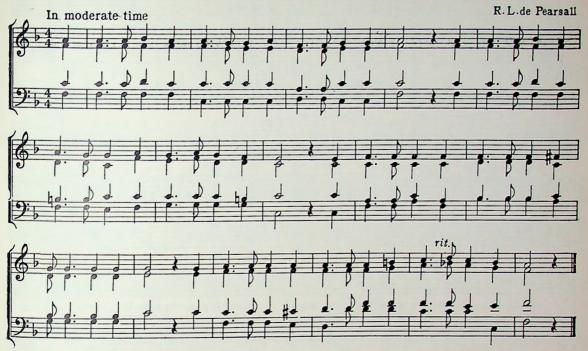
A SMILE

A smile is quite a funny thing,
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it 's gone you'll never find
Its secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do,
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

We're Here For Fun

We're here for fun right from the start,
Pray drop your dignity;
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.
All other meetings we've enjoyed,
Let this one be the best,
Join in the songs we sing to-day,
Be happy with the rest.

O WHO WILL OER THE DOWNS SO FREE

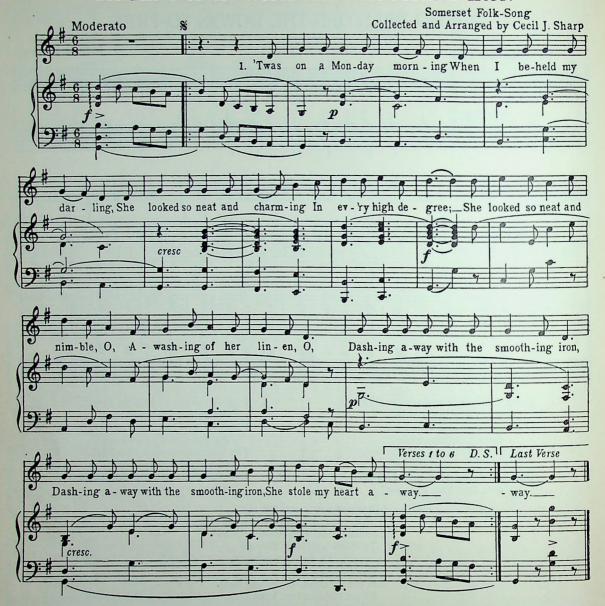


- O who will o'er the downs so free,
 O who will with me ride,
 O who will up and follow me
 To win a blooming bride?
 Her father he has locked the door,
 Her mother keeps the key;
 But neither door nor bolt shall part
 My own true love from me!
- I saw her bow'r at twilight grey, 'Twas guarded safe and sure, I saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas guarded then no more! The variets they were all asleep, And none was near to see The greeting fair that passed there Between my love and me!
- I promised her to come at night,
 With comrades brave and true,
 A gallant band with sword in hand
 To break her prison through
 I promised her to come at night,
 She's waiting now for me,
 And ere the dawn of morning light,
 I'll set my true love free.

MERRILY, MERRILY



DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON

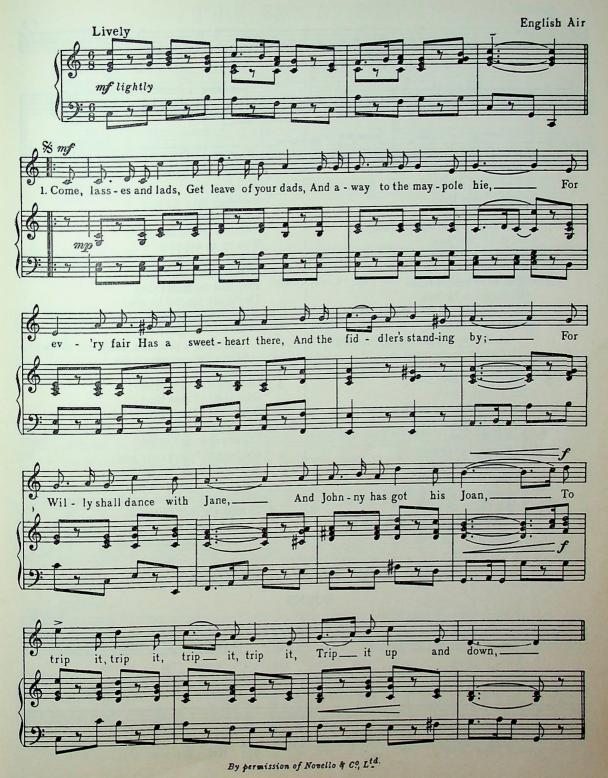


Copyright, 1909, by Novello and Company, Limited.

2 'Twas on a Tuesday morning,
When I beheld my darling;
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree;
She looked so neat and nimble, O,
A-hanging out her linen, O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

- 3 'Twas on a Wednesday morning, &c. A-starching of her linen, O, &c.
- 4 'Twas on a Thursday morning, &c. A-ironing of her linen, O, &c.
- 5 'Twas on a Friday morning, &c. A-folding of her linen, O, &c.
- 6 'Twas on a Saturday morning, &c. A-airing of her linen, O, &c.
- 7 'Twas on a Sunday morning, &c. A-wearing of her linen, O, &c.

(The lines in Italics are repeated in every verse.)





- 2. "Begin!" says Hal;
 - "O yes!" says Mol,
 - "We'll lead up Packington's Pound!"
 - "Do, do!" says Jess;
 - "No, no!" says Bess,
 - "We'll first have Sellenger's Round!"
 Then ev'ry lad did take
 His hat off to his lass,
 And ev'ry girl did curtsey, curtsey,
 Curtsey on the grass.
 And ev'ry girl did curtsey, curtsey,
- 3. "You're out!" says Dick;
 - "Not I!" says Nick,
 - "'Twas the fiddler played it wrong,"

Curtsey on the grass.

"'Tis true!" says Hugh,
And so says Sue,
And so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.

- The whole of the day,
 And tired the fiddler quite,
 With dance and play,
 Without any pay,
 From morning unto night.
 They told the fiddler then
 They'd pay him for his play,
 And each a twopence, twopence,
 Gave him and went away.
 - And each a twopence, twopence, twopence, Gave him and went away.
- 5. "Good-night!" says Harry;
 - "Good-night!" says Mary;
 - "Good-night!" says Poll to John.
 - "Good-night!" says Sue To her sweetheart, Hugh,
 - "Good-night!" says ev'ry one.

 Some walked and some did run;

 Some loitered on the way,

 And bound themselves by kisses twelve,

 To meet the next holiday.

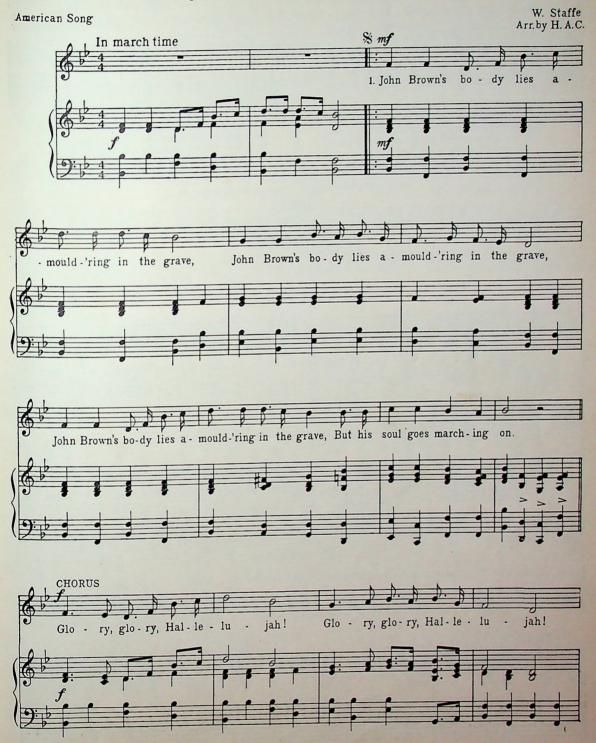
And bound themselves by kisses twelve, To meet the next holiday.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

ROUND



JOHN BROWN'S BODY





- The stars of heaven are looking kindly down.
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down.
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down.
 On the grave of old John Brown.
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.
- He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, And his soul goes marching on.
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

The following words may also be sung to the above tune :-

SMILE

- It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e
 It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e
 So smile when you're in trouble,
 It will vanish like a bubble
 If you s-m-i-l-e.
- L-a-u-g-h.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,



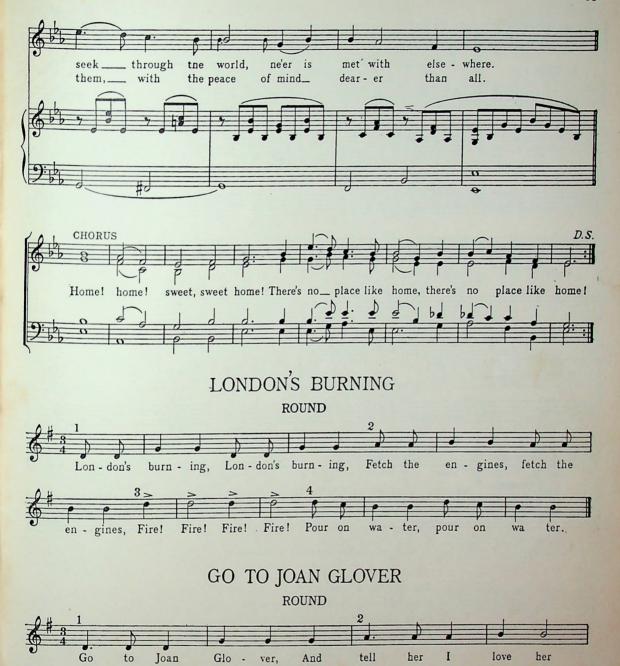
OH! THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK



Oh! the noble Duke of York,
 He had ten thousand men,
 They waved their flags as they marched up the hill.
 And they waved them down again.
 For when, &c.

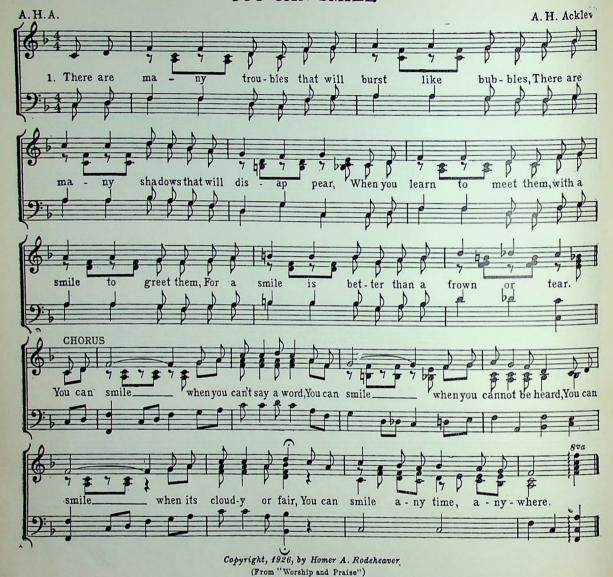
HOME, SWEET HOME!





come

her.



- Tho' the world forsake you, joy will overtake you, Hope will soon awake you, if you smile to-day; Don't parade your sorrow, wait until to-morrow, For your joy and hope will drive the clouds away.

 You can smile, &c.
- 3. When the clouds are raining, don't begin complaining, What the earth is gaining should not make you sad; Do not be a fretter, smiling is much better, And a smile will help to make the whole world glad. You can smile, &c.

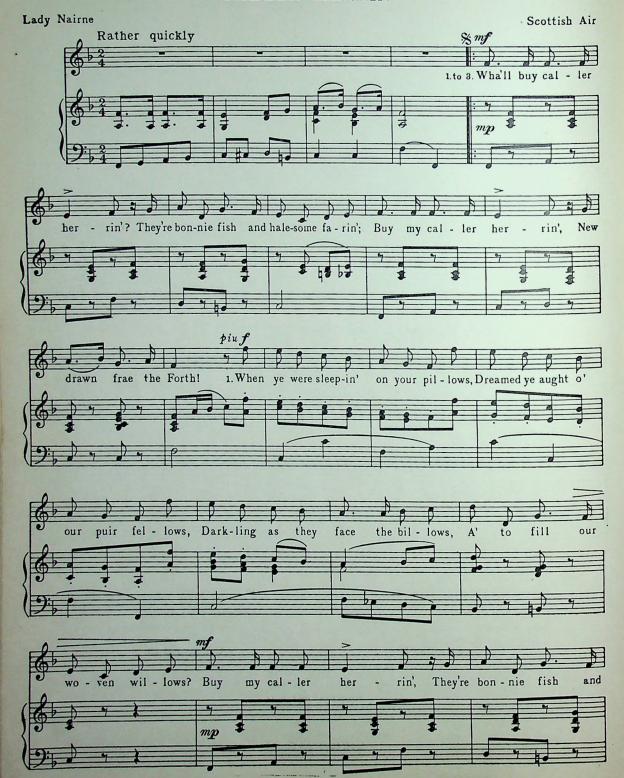






 God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King, God save the King!
 Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us, God save the King!

- 2. O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall:
 Contound their politics;
 Frustrate their knavish tricks;
 On Thee our hopes we fix;
 God save us all.
- Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King!





- And when the creel o' herrin' passes, Ladies, clad in silks and laces, Gather in their braw pelisses, Toss their heads and screw their faces. Buy my caller herrin', &c.
- Noo, neighbour wives, come heed my tellin', When the bonnie fish ye're sellin', At a word be aye your dealin', Truth will stand when a' things failin'. Buy my caller herrin', &c.

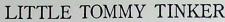


- But when his friends did understand
 His fond and foolish mind,
 They sent him up to fair London,
 An apprentice for to bind.
- Now when seven years had passed away,
 And he ne'er his love could find,
 The Bailiff's daughter set her heart
 To prove his secret mind.

Now as she went along the high road, Through weather hot and dry, She sat her down on a green bank, And her true love came riding by

- She started up with colour red, And held his bridle rein;
 One penny, one penny, kind Sir," she said,
 Will ease me of much pain."
- 6. "Before I give you a penny, fair maid, Pray tell me where you were born?" "At Islington, kind Sir," she said, "And I left at yester morn."
- 7. "I prithee, maiden, tell to me, O tell me whether you know The Bailiff's daughter of Islington, Is she dead long, long ago?"

8 "O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth, She standeth by thy side, She is here alive, she is not dead, But ready to be thy bride."





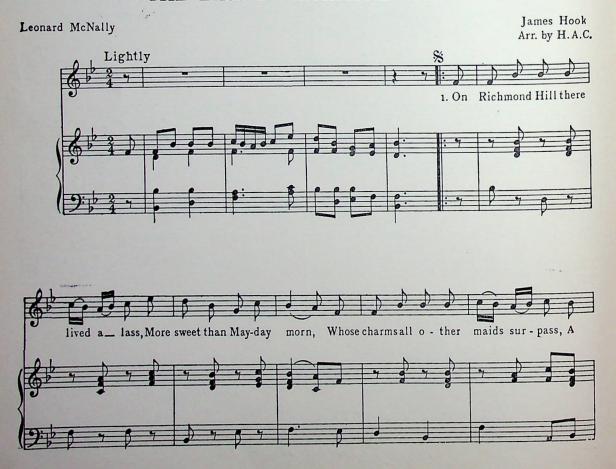
1 Rise when singing

"Ma!" and throw out hands.

2 Rise when singing "To-oo!" and imitate different kinds of horns.

8. Rise when singing "Ba-a-al" and bleat like a lamb.

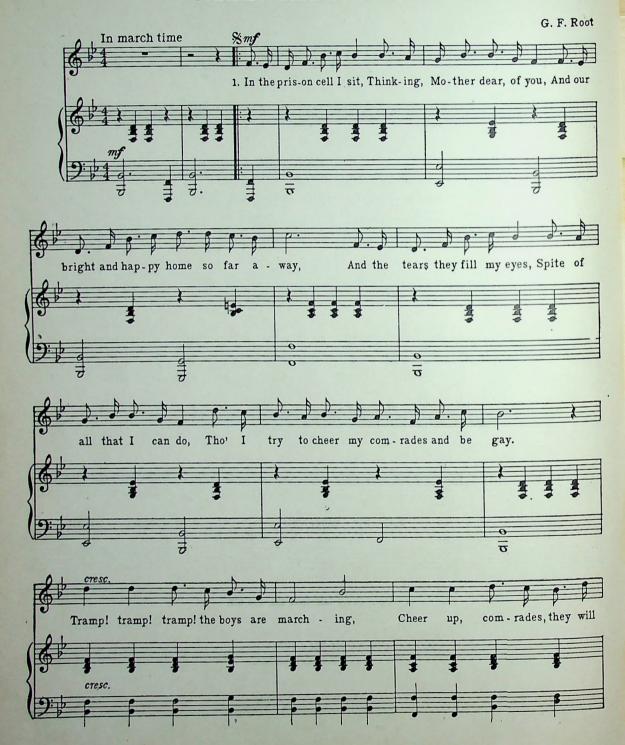
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL





- 3. How happy will the shepherd be, Who calls his maid his own; Oh! may her choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her alone. `This lass so neat, &c.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!





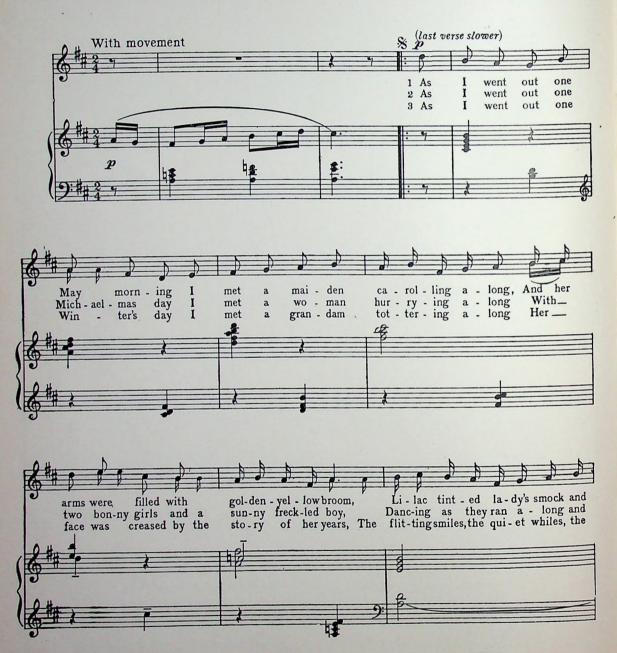
2. In the battle front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! &c.

3. So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! &c.

YEARS

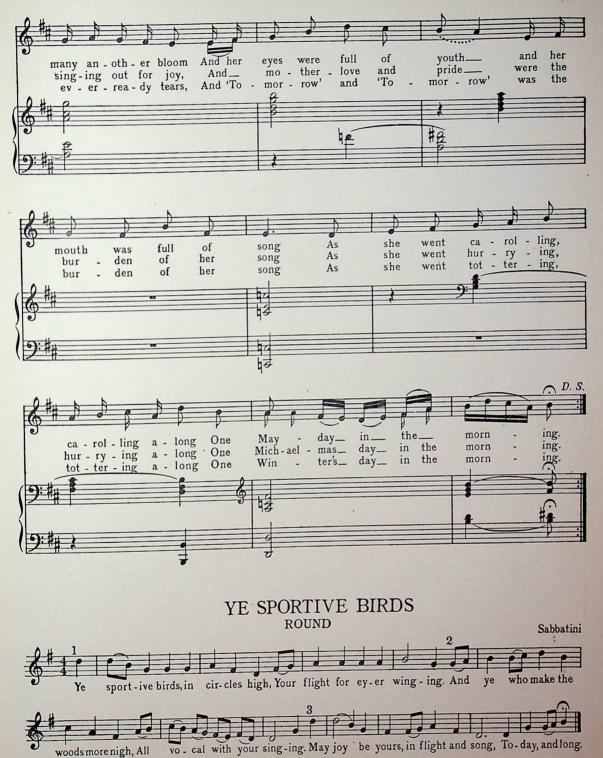
Hermon Ould

Ursula Greville



Copyright, 1929, by Ursula Greville

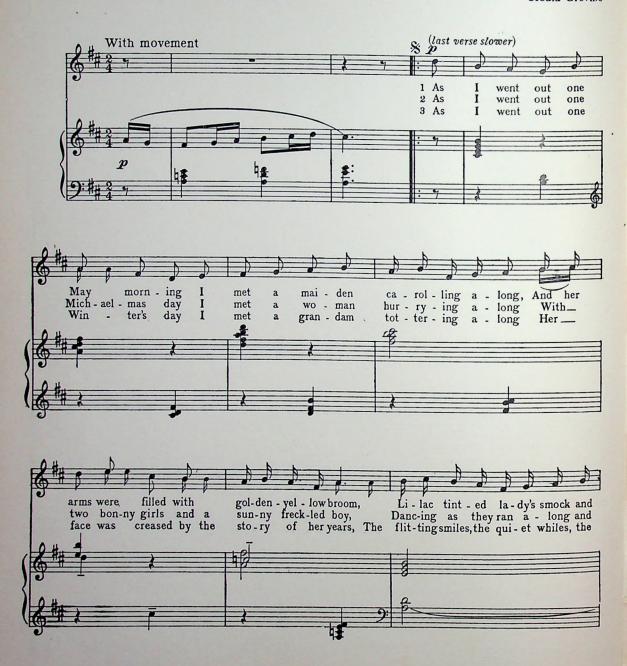




YEARS

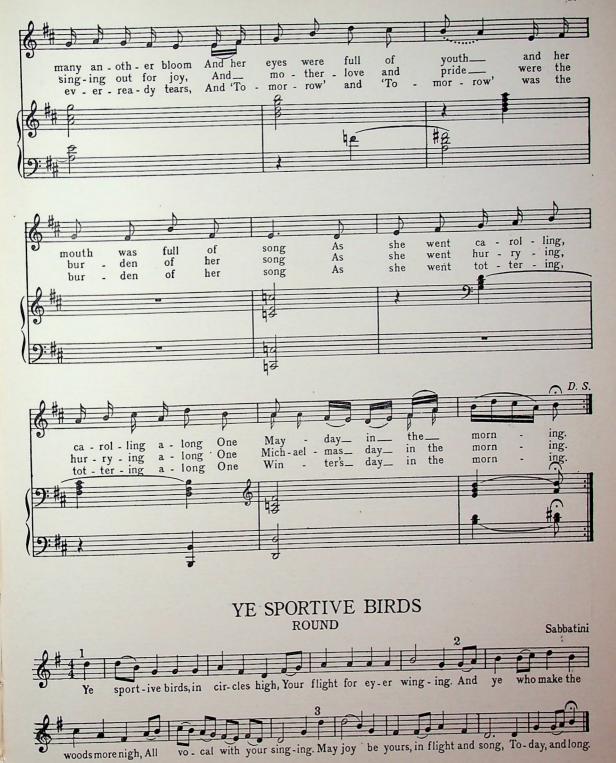
Hermon Ould

Ursula Greville

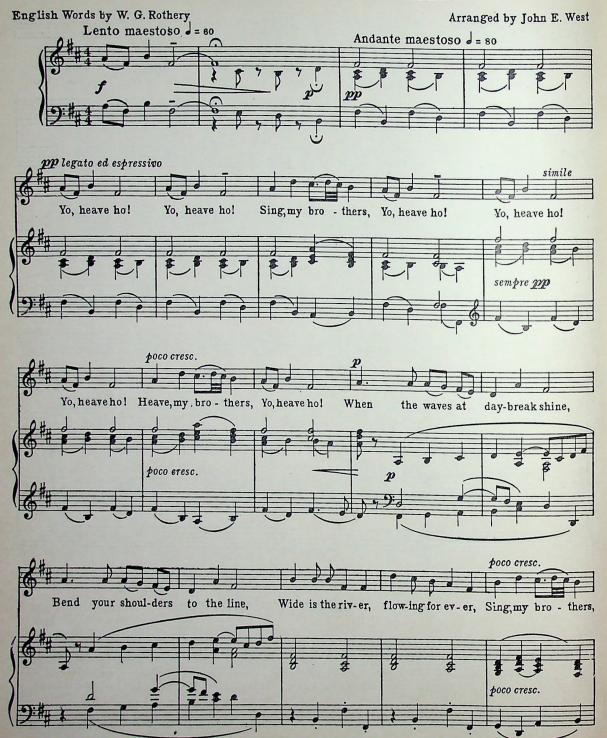


Copyright, 1929, by Ursula Greville

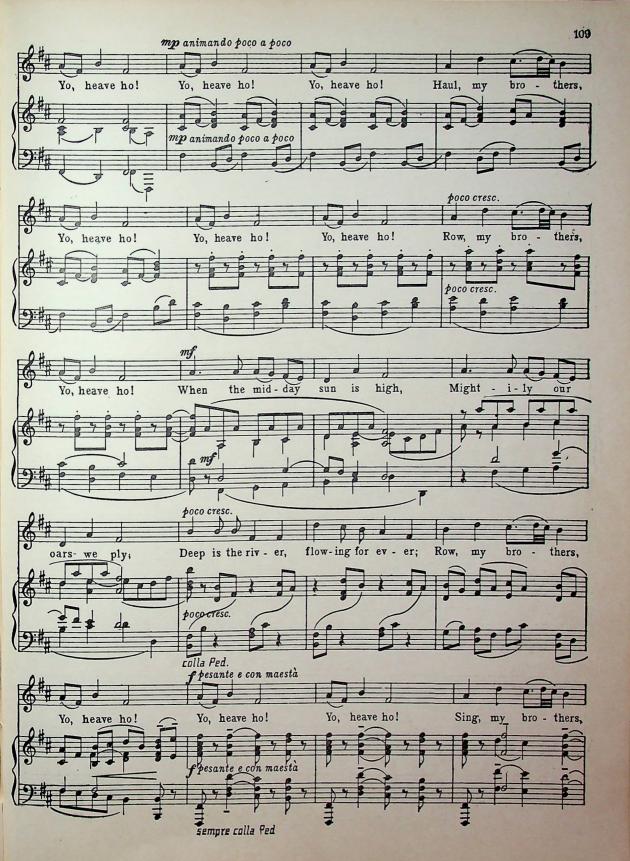


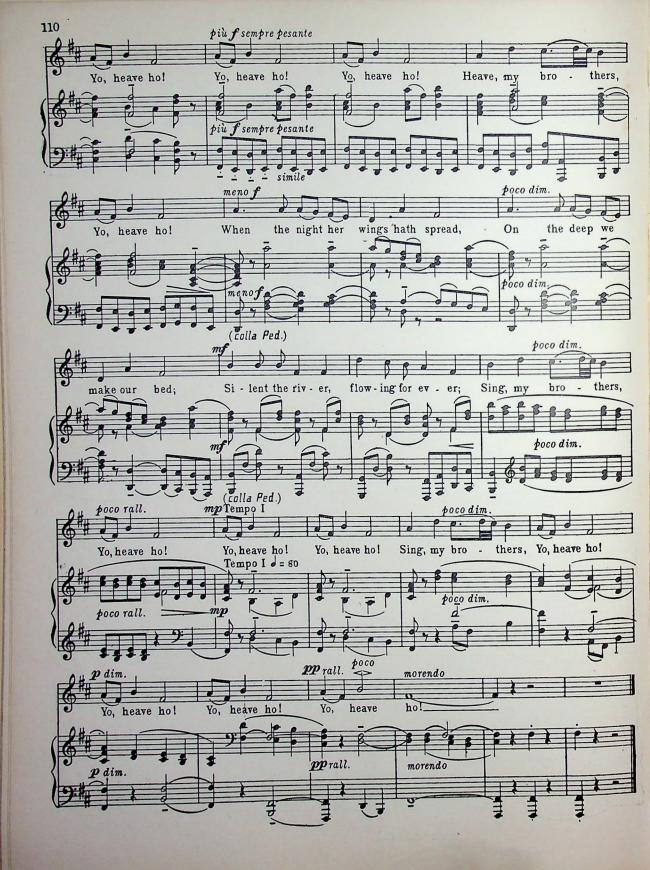


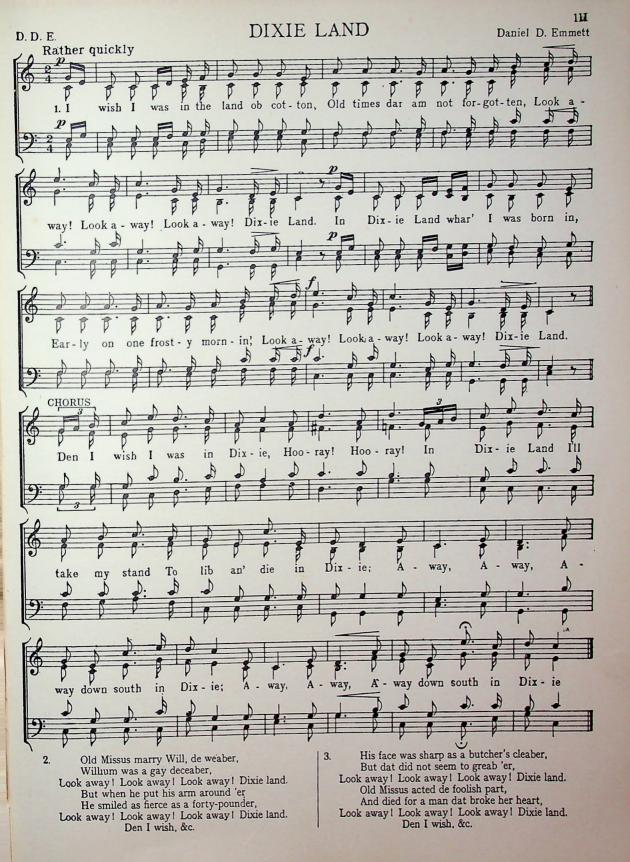
SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN



Copyright, 1927, by Novello & Company, Limited











2. All roun' de little farm I wandered, When I was young;

Den many happy days I squander'd, Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing with my brother, Happy was I;

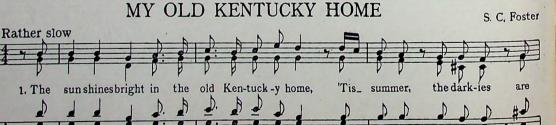
Oh! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die. All de world, &c.

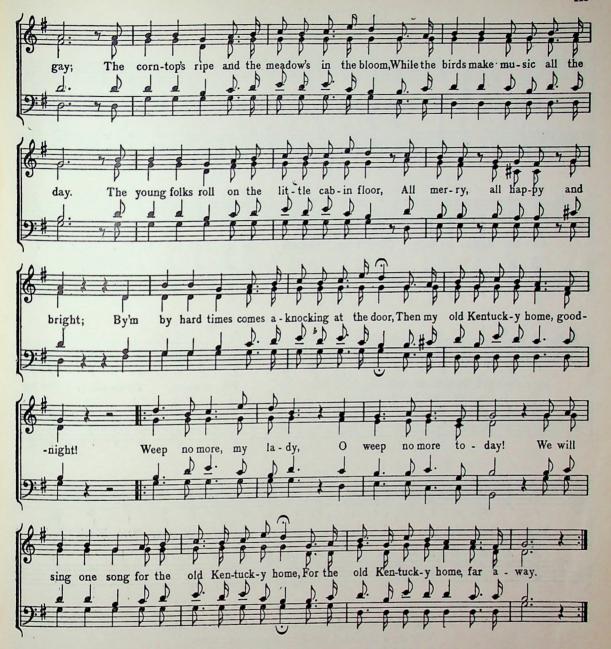
1. The

- One little hut among the bushes, One that I love,
 - Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.

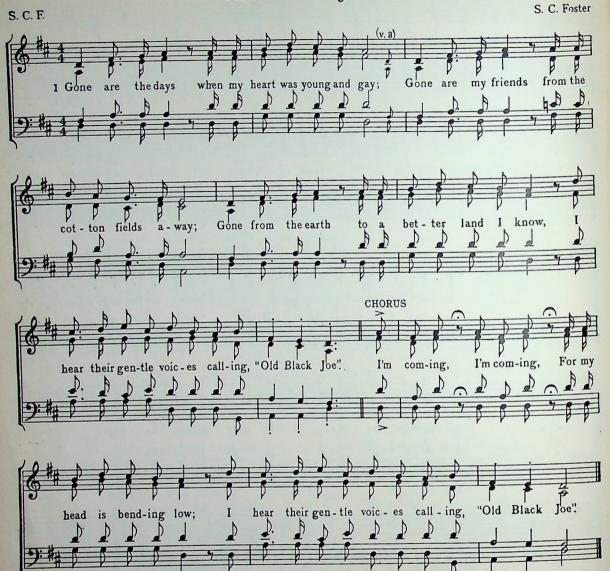
When will I see de bees a humming All roun' de comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming. Down in my good old home? All de world &c.





- 2. They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door. The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 Weep no more, &c.
- 3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wherever the darkey may go;
 - A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar canes grow;
 - A few more days for to tote the weary load,— No matter 'twill never be light;
 - A few more days till we totter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night! Weep no more, &c.



- 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
 I'm coming, &c.
- 3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?

 The children so dear that I held upon my knee?

 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

 I'm coming, &c.

SEA SHANTIES

Reprinted by permission from Curwen Edition, 2951-2952.

The sea shanties were in their origin and essence community songs, which is one of the reasons why they have been found so useful in the movement to-day. The shanty man, or leader, sang the verse, and the refrain, which is the same for each verse, was sung by the crew, marching at the capstan bars or hauling the sheets or halyards. I have collected some dozens of versions of most of these on board sailing ships where I spent much of my youth and many holidays since, and from these I have selected the most characteristic and beautiful form I could find of each shanty.

Those who wish a more complete collection than is possible in a book of this sort will find them in my two volumes published by Messrs. Curwen.

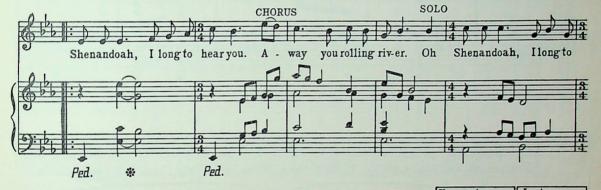
R. R. TERRY.

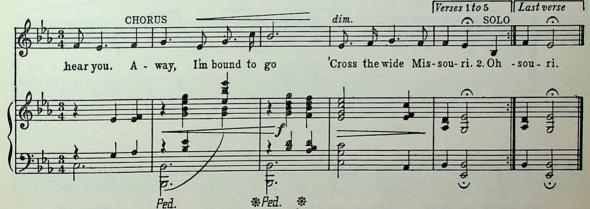
SHENANDOAH

(WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN)

Collected and Edited by R.R. Terry







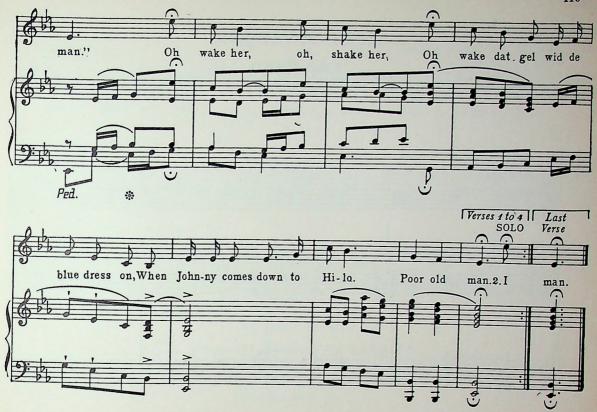
- Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
 Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
- 'Tis seven long years since last I see thee. 'Tis seven long years since last I see thee.
- 4. Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion To sail across the stormy ocean.
- Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.
 Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.
- 6. 6 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

(WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN)



Copyright, 1921, by J. Curwen & Sons Ltd.

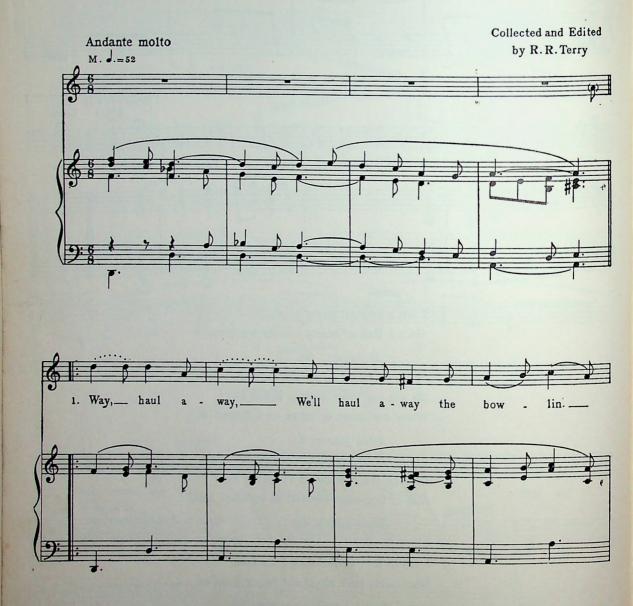


- I lub a little gel across de sea,
 She's a Badian* beauty and she sez to me.
 "Oh Johnny," &c.
- Oh was you ebber down in Mobile Bay?
 Where dey screws de cotton on a summer day.
 When Johnny, &c.
- 4. Did you ebber see de ole Plantation Boss And de long-tailed filly and de big black hoss? When Johnny, &c.
- I nebber seen de like since I bin born
 When a big buck nigger wid de sea boots on.
 Says "Johnny come down," &c.

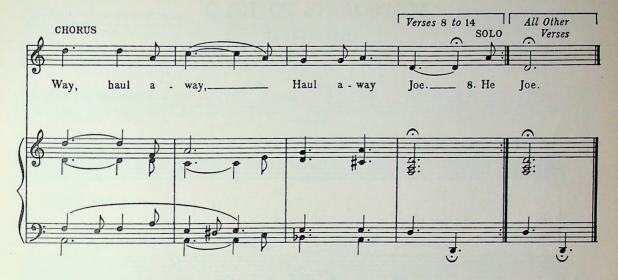
[•] i.e., Barbadian, to wit, a native of Barbados.

HAUL AWAY JOE

(FORE-SHEET)



Copyright, 1921, by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd



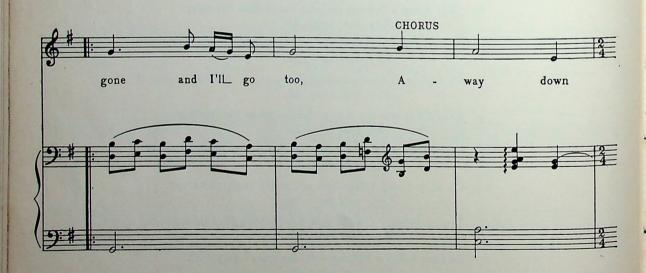
- Way haul away. The packet is a-rollin' Way, haul away, &c.
- Way, haul away. We'll hang and haul together. Way, haul away, &c.
- 4. Way, haul away. We'll haul for better weather. Way, haul away, &c.
- Once I had a nigger girl, and she was fat and lazy Way, haul away, &c.
- 6 Then I had a Spanish girl, she nearly druv me crazy. Way, haul away, &c.
- Geordie Charlton had a pig, and it was double jointed. Way, haul away, &c.
- 8. He took it to the blacksmith's shop to get its trotters pointed. Way, haul away, &c.
- King Louis was the king o' France before the Revolution.
 Way, haul away, &c.
- King Louis got his head cut off, and spoiled his Constitution.
 Way, haul away, &c.
- Oh when I was a little boy and so my mother told me.
 Way, haul away, &c.
- That if I didn't kiss the girls my lips would go all mouldy. Way, haul away, &c.
- Oh once I had a scolding wife, she wasn"t very civil.
 Way, haul away, &c.
- I clapped a plaster on her mouth and sent her to the divvle.
 Way, haul away, &c.

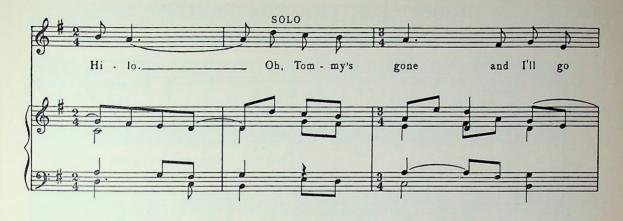
TOM'S GONE TO HILO

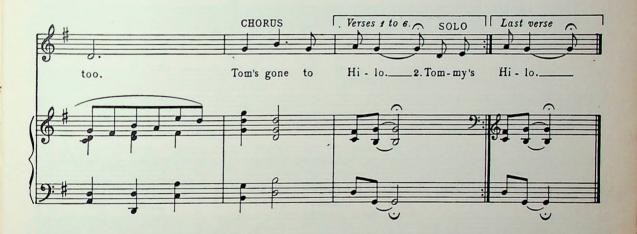
(HALLIARDS)

Collected and Edited by R. R. Terry









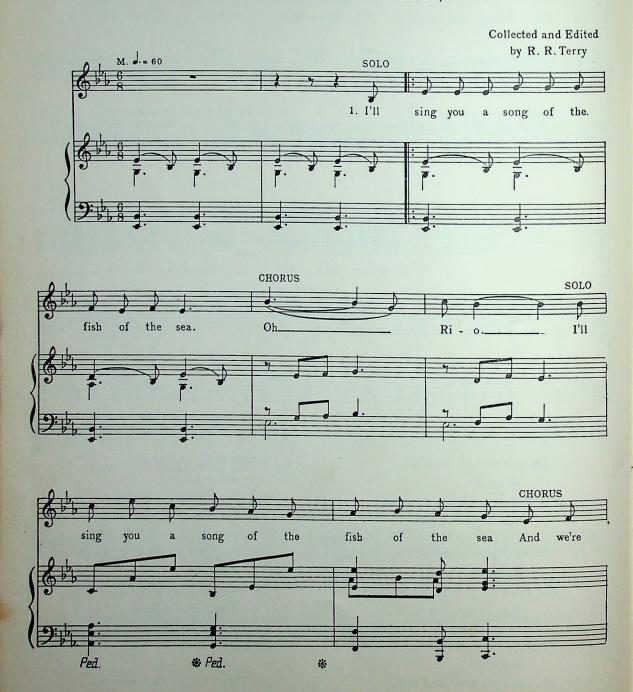
- Tommy's gone to Liverpool,
 Away, &c.
 Oh, Tommy's gone to Liverpool,
 - Oh, Tommy's gone to Liverpool, Tom's gone to Hilo.
- Tommy's gone to Mobile Bay, Away, &c.
 Oh, Tommy's gone to Mobile Bay, Tom's gone to Hilo.
- 4. Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
 Away, &c.
 - Oh, Tommy's gone what shall I do?

 Tom's gone to Hilo.

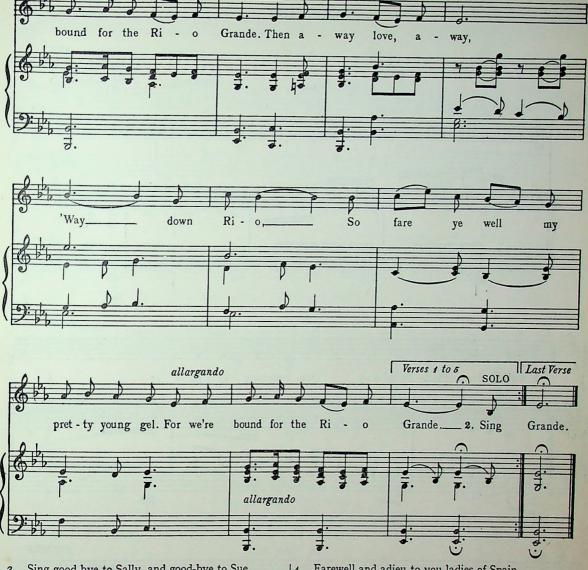
- Tommy fought at Tráfalgár, Away, &c.
 Oh, Tommy fought at Tráfalgár, Tom's gone to Hilo.
- The old Victory led the way, Away, &c.
 The brave old Victory led the way, Tom's gone to Hilo.
- Tommy's gone for evermore,
 Away, &c.
 Oh, Tommy's gone for evermore.
 Tom's gone to Hilo.

BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE

(WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN SHANTY)



Copyright, 1921, by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.



Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue, Oh Rio, &c.

And you who are listening, good-bye to you.

And we're bound, &c.

3. Our ship went sailing out over the Bar, Oh Rio, &c.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en
And we're bound, &c.

- Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain, Oh Rio, &c.
 - And we're all of us coming to see you again. .

 And we're bound, &c.
- 5. I said farewell to Kitty my dear,

Oh Rio, &c. [South Pier.

And she waved her white hand as we passed the

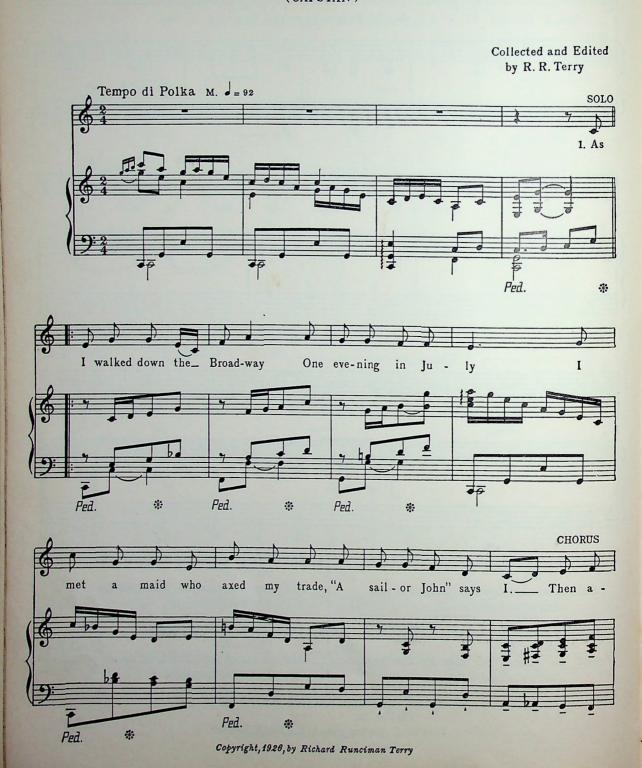
And we're bound, &c.

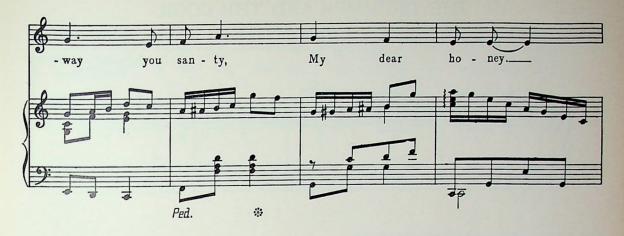
The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree Oh Rio, &c.

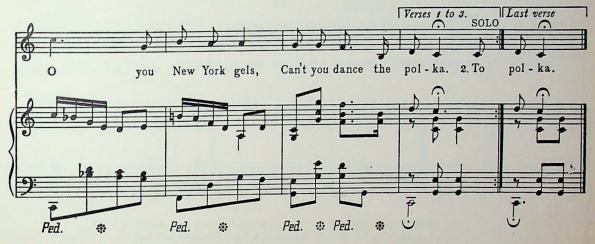
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.

And we're bound, &c.

CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA







To Tiffany's I took her,
 I did not mind the expense;
 I bought her two gold earrings,
 And they cost me fifty cents.
 Then away, &c.

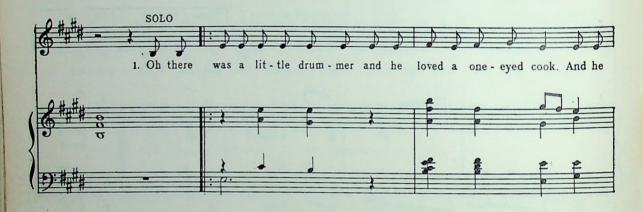
Says she, "You lime-juice sailor,
Now see me home you may."
But when we reached her cottage door
She unto me did say—
Then away, &c.

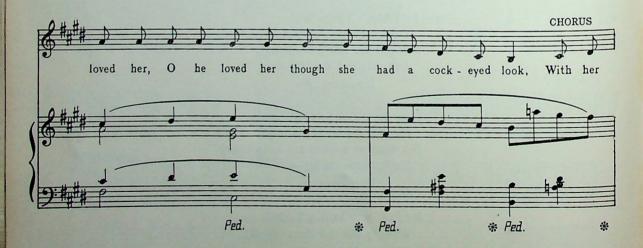
My flash man he is a Yankee,
With his hair cut short behind;
He wears a tarry jumper,
And he sails in the Black Ball Line.
Then away, &c.

THE DRUMMER AND THE COOK

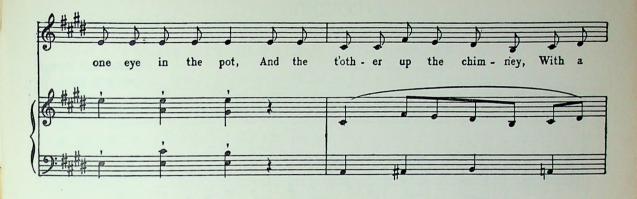
(CAPSTAN)

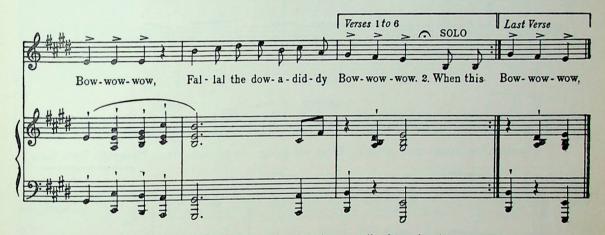






Copyright, 1926, by Richard Runciman Terry





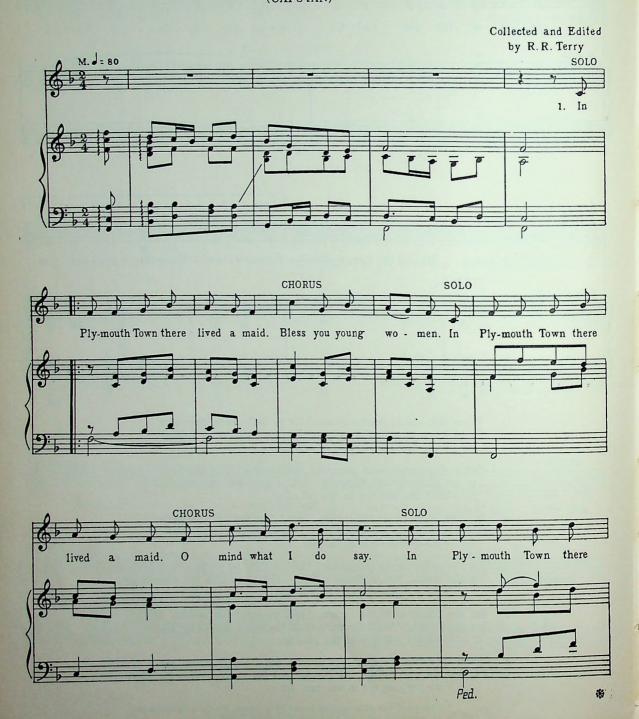
- When this couple went a-courtin' for to walk along the shore, Sez the drummer to the cookie, "You're the gel that I adore." With her one eye in the pot, &c.
- When this couple went a-courtin', for to walk along the pier, Sez the cookie to the drummer, "An' I love you too, my dear." With her one eye in the pot, &c.
- Sez the drummer to the cookie, "Ain't the weather fine to-day?"

 Sez the cookie to the drummer, "Is that all ye got to say?"

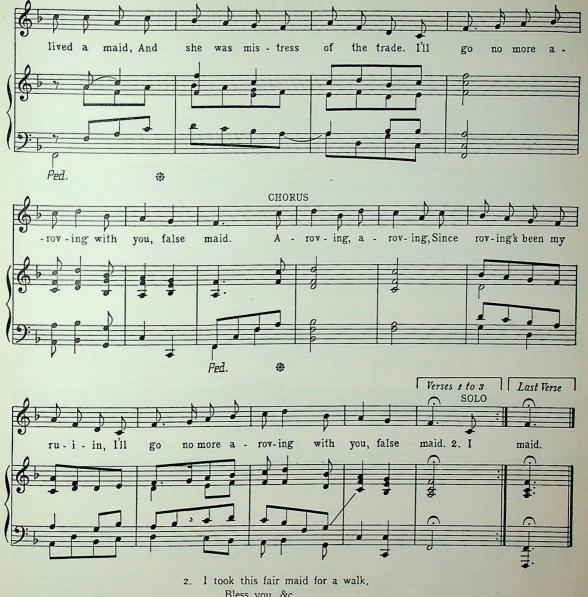
 With her one eye in the pot, &c.
- Sez the drummer to the cookie, "Will I buy the weddin' ring?"
 Sez the cookie, "Now you're talkin'. That would be the very thing?"
 With her one eye in the pot, &c.
- 6. Sez the drummer to the cookie, "Will ye name the weddin' day?"
 Sez the cookie, "We'll be married in the merry month o'. May."
 With her one eye in the pot, &c.
- 7. When they went to church to say "I will," the drummer got a nark, For her one eye gliffed the Parson, and the t'other killed the Clerk.

 With her one eye in the pot, &c.
 - Nark=a disagreeable surprise caused by a person, not by a circumstance.
 - † To gliff=to frighten.

A-ROVING (CAPSTAN)



Copyright, 1926, by Richard Runciman Terry



- Bless you, &c.

 And we had such a loving talk.

 I'll go no more, &c.
- I took her hand within my own, Bless you, &c.
 And said, "I'm bound for my old home." I'll go no more, &c.
- In Plymouth Town there lived a maid, Bless you, &c.
 And she was mistress of the trade.
 I'll go no more, &c.

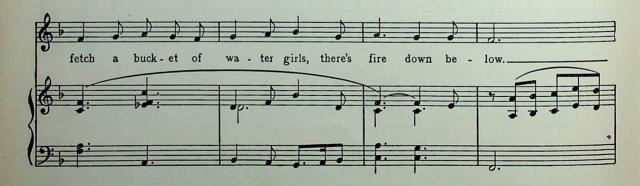
FIRE DOWN BELOW

(PUMPING-SHIP SHANTY)

Collected and Edited by R. R. Terry





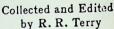




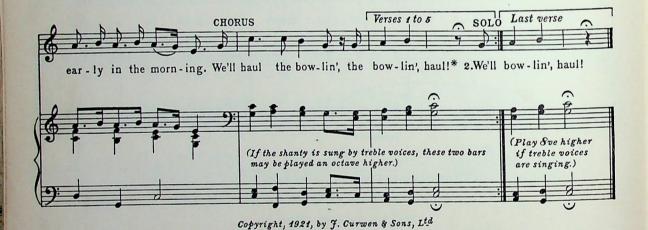
- Fire in the fore top, fire in the main;
 It's fetch a bucket o' water girls and put it out again.
 Fire, fire, fire down below, &c.
- Fire in the fore-peak, fire down below;
 It's fetch a bucket of water girls, there's fire down below.
 Fire, fire, fire down below, &c.
- 4. Fire in the windlass, fire in the chain; It's fetch a bucket o' water girls, and put it out again. Fire, fire, fire down below, &c.
- Fire up aloft, and fire down below;
 It 's fetch a bucket o' water girls, there's fire down below.
 Fire, fire, fire down below, &c.

WE'LL HAUL THE BOWLIN'

(FORE-SHEET)





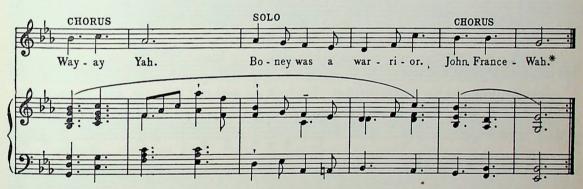


- The last word ("haul") of the chorus is not sung but shouted staccato.
- 2. We'll haul the bowlin' for Kitty is my darlin'.
- 3. We'll haul the bowlin', the fore-to'gallant bowlin'.
- 4. We'll haul the bowlin', the skipper is a-growlin'
- 5. We'll haul the bowlin', the packet is a-rollin'.
- 6. We'll haul the bowlin' so early in the morning.

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

(HALLIARDS)





Copyright, 1921, by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd

- Boney beat the Rooshians. Boney beat the Rooshians.
- 3. Boney beat the Prooshians. Boney beat the Prooshians.
- 4. Boney went to Moscow. Boney went to Moscow.
- Moscow was a-fire. Moscow was a-fire.

- Boney he came back again. Boney he came back again.
- Boney went to Elbow Boney went to Elbow.
- 8. Boney went to Waterloo. Boney went to Waterloo.
- Boney was defeated. Boney was defeated.
- 10 Boney was a prisoner 'Board the Billy Ruffian.†
- Boney he was sent away, 'Way to St. Helena.
- Boney broke his heart, and died. Boney broke his heart, and died.
- Boney was a warrior. Boney was a warrior.

· François.

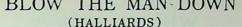
† Sailor pronunciation of "Bellerophon.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?



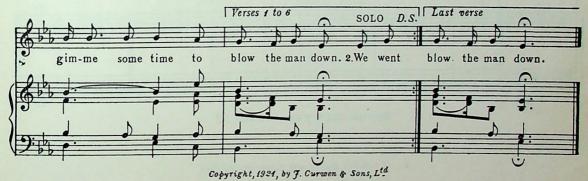
- 2. Put him in the long-boat until he's sober, Hooray and up she rises, &c.
- 3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over, Hooray and up she rises, &c.
- 4. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him, Hooray and up she rises, &c.
- 5. Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'. Hooray and up she rises, &c.
- 6. Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under. Hooray and up she rises, &c.

BLOW THE MAN-DOWN





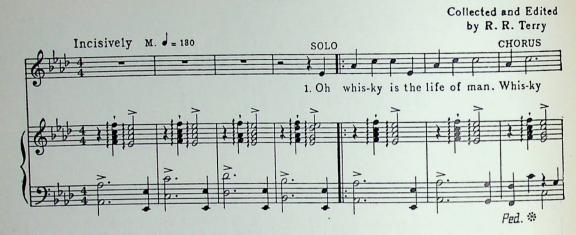


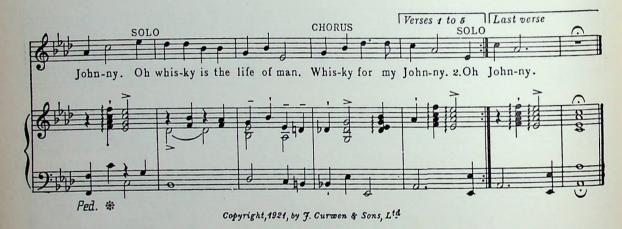


- Oh the rags they was gone, and the chains they was jammed, And the skipper sez he, "Let the weather be hanged."
- 4. As I was a-walking down Winchester Street, A saucy young damsel I happened to meet.
- 5. I sez to her, "Polly, and how d'you do?" Sez she, "None the better for seein' of you."
- 6. Oh, it's sailors is tinkers, and tailors is men, And we're all of us coming to see you again.
- 7. So we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down. And we'll blow him away into Liverpool Town.

WHISKY JOHNNY

(HALLIARDS)

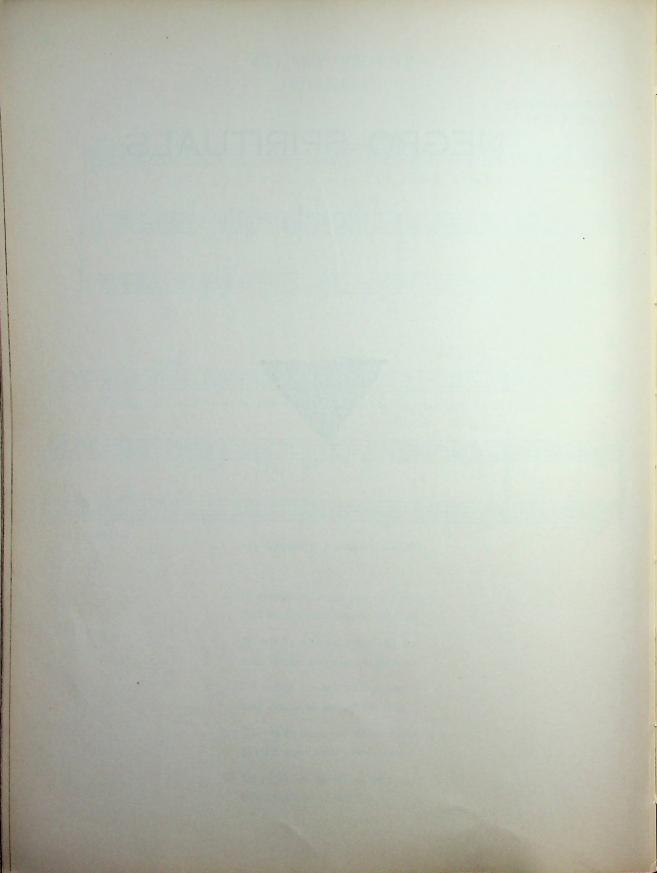




- O whisky makes me pawn my clothes. And whisky gave me this red nose.
- Oh whisky killed my poor old dad.And whisky druv my mother mad.
- Oh whisky up, and whisky down.
 And whisky all around the town.
- Oh whisky here, and whisky there.It's I'll have whisky everywhere.
- Oh whisky is the life of man. It's whisky in an old tin can.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS





HUSH! SOMEBODY'S CALLING MY NAME

Arr. by J. A. Herbert CHORUS Hush! hush! some-bod-y's call-ing my name; Hush! hush! some-bod-y's call-ing my name; some-bod-y's call-ing my name; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I Animated glad trou-ble don't last so that that glad glad got my re-lig-ion in time; so glad glad hid - ing place; my soul's got a my 1 -ways; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I time; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do? al - ways; trou-ble don't last do? got my re-lig-ion in time; place;O my Lord,O my Lord, what shall I do? hid - ing place; soul's got a

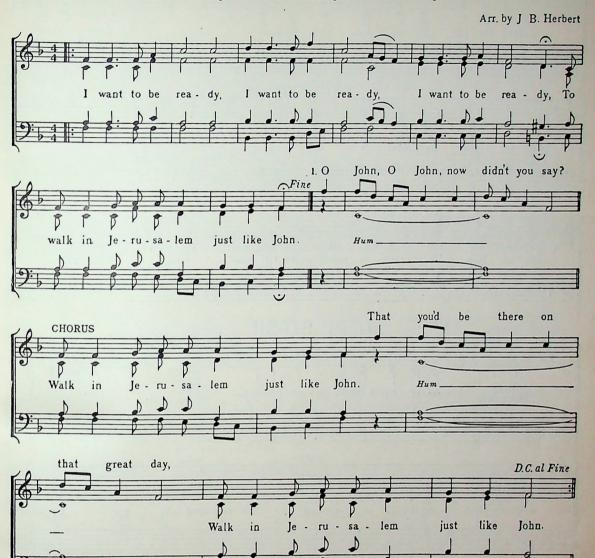
KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD



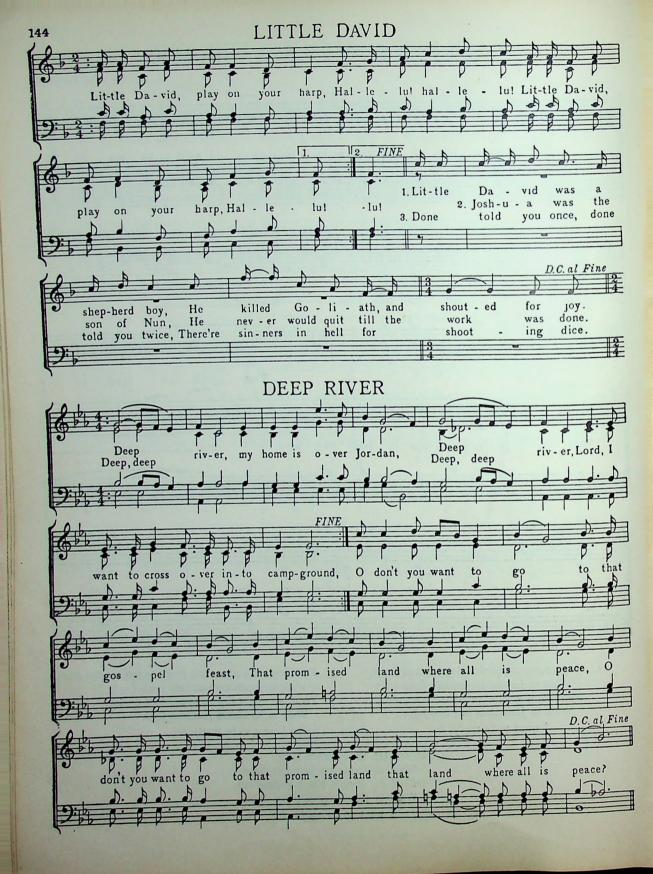
- I ain't got time fo' to stop and talk,
 Keep in de middle ob de road;
 Kase de road am rough an' it's hard to walk,
 Keep in de middle ob de road;
 I'll fix my eyes on de golden stair,
 An' I'll keep on a-gwine till I git dar,
 Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to w'ar,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
 Den chil'ren, &c.
- 3. Come an' jine in de weary ban',
 Keep in de middle ob de road;
 Kase we bound fo' home in de happy land,
 Keep in de middle ob de road;
 Turn your back on dis world ob sin,
 Knock at de door an' dey'll let you in,
 Kase you'll nebber git such a chance ag'in,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

 Den chil'ren, &c.
- 4. Dis world am full ob sinful things, Keep in de middle ob de road; When de feet gets tired put on de wings, Keep in de middle ob de road; Ef you lay down on de road to die, An' you watch dem angels in de sky, You kin put on wings an' git up an' fly, Keep in de middle ob de road.
 Den chil'ren, &c.

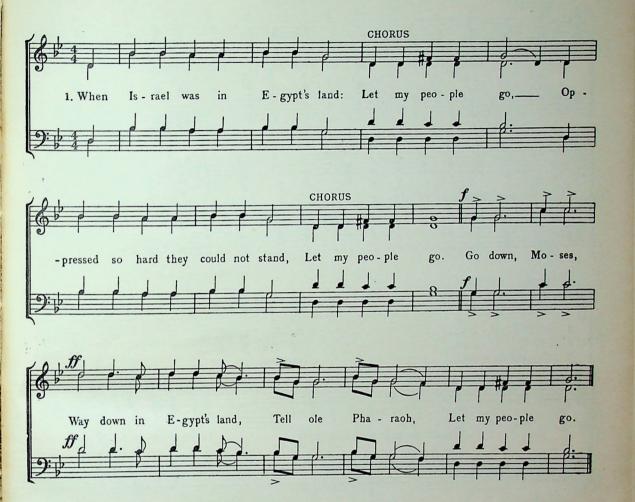
WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN



- Some came crippled and some came lame,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
 Some came walkin' in Jesus' Name,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
 I want to be ready, &c.
- Now, brother, better mind how you step on the cross,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John
 Your foot might slip and your soul get lost,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John
 I want to be ready, &c
- If you get there before I do,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John
 Tell all my friends I'm a-coming too,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John
 I want to be ready, &c.

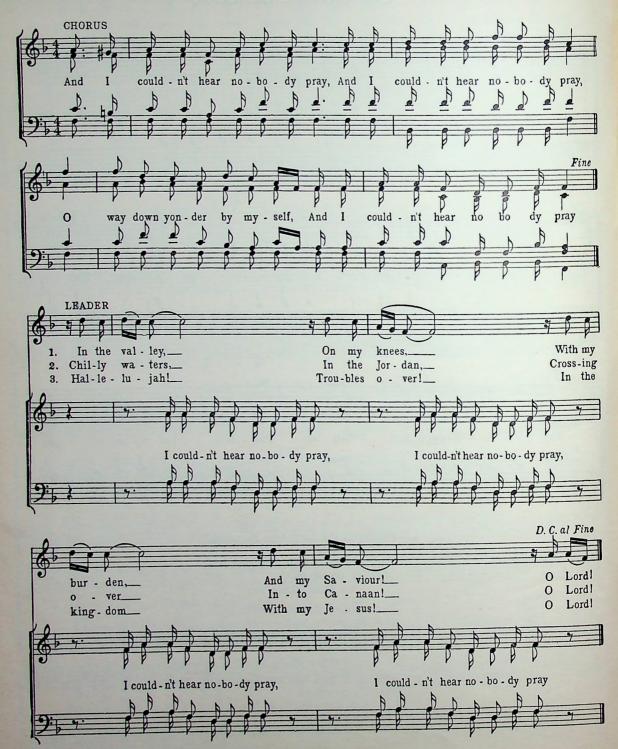


GO DOWN, MOSES



- Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said, Let My people go, If not, I'll smite your first-born dead, Let My people go. Go down, Moses, &c.
- No more shall they in bondage toil, Let My people go, If them come out with Egypt's spoil, Let My people go. Go down, Moses, &c.
- O let us all from bondage flee, Let My people go, And let us all in Christ be free, Let My people go, Go down, Moses, &c.

I COULDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY

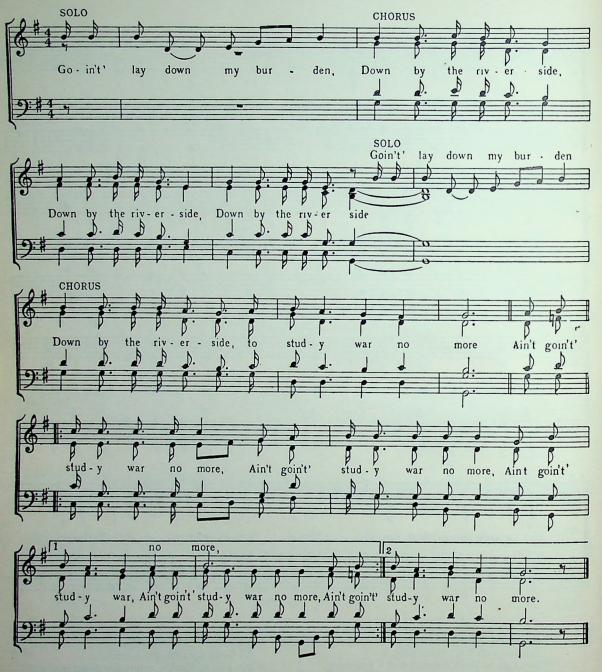


HEAB'N



- I got-a-song, you got-a-song,
 All God's children got-a-song,
 When I go to Heab'n gonna sing a new song,
 Gonna sing all ober God's Heab'n.
 Heab'n, Heab'n;
 Ev'rybody talk about Heab'n ain't goin' there,
 Heab'n, Heab'n;
 Gonna walk all ober God's Heab'n.
- I got-a-cross, you got-a-cross,
 All God's children got-a-cross,
 When I go to Heab'n gonna lay down my cross,
 Gonna shout all ober God's Heab'n.
 Heab'n, Heab'n;
 Ev'rybody talk about Heab'n ain't goin' there,
 Heab'n, Heab'n;
 Gonna shout all ober God's Heab'n.

DOWN BY THE RIVER-SIDE



Goin' t' lay down my sword an' shield, Down by the riverside, &c. Goin' t' try on my long white robe, Down by the riverside, &c.

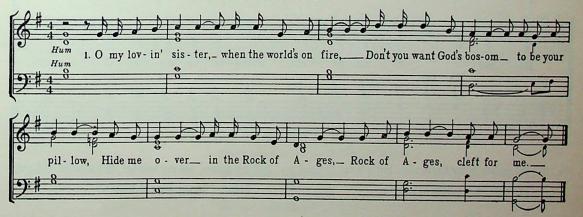
Goin' t' try on my starry crown,
 Down by the riverside, &c.

ROLL, JORDAN ROLL



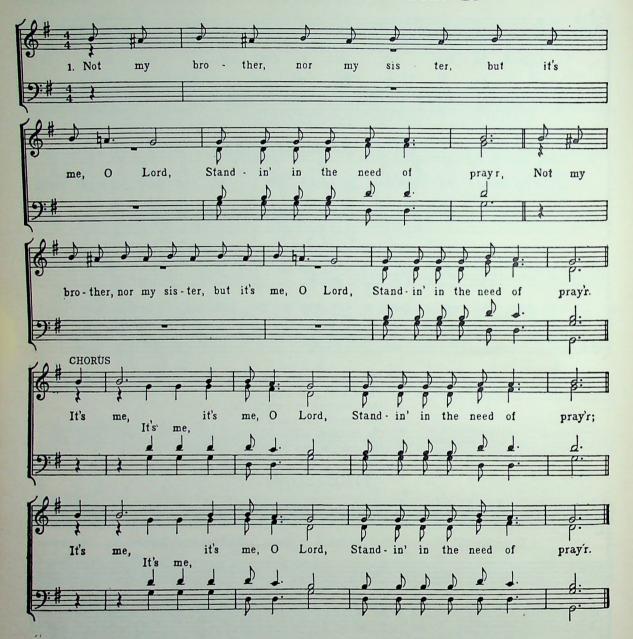
- 2. Oh, preachers, you ought, &c.
- 3. Oh, sinners, you ought, &c.
- 4. Oh, mourners, you ought, &c.
- 5. Oh, sisters, you ought, &c.
- 6. Oh, mothers, you ought, &c.
- 7. Oh, children, you ought, &c.

FIRE SONG



- 2. O my lovin' brother, when the world's on fire.
- 3. O my poor mourner, when the world's on fire.
- 4. O ye congregation, when the world's on fire.

STANDIN' IN THE NEED OF PRAYER

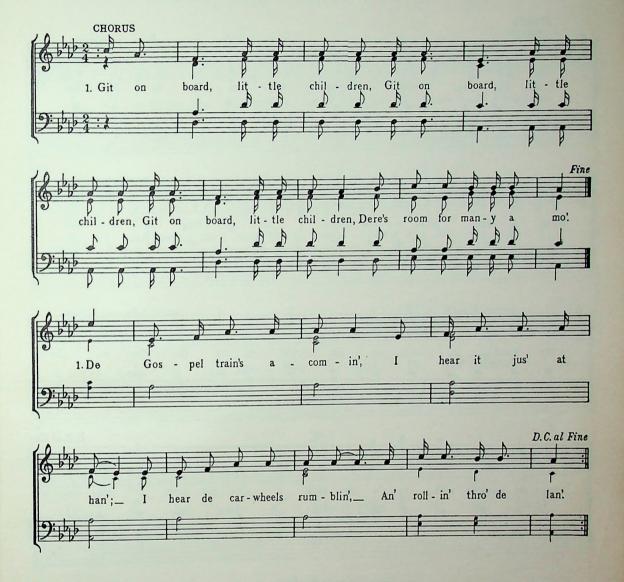


2. Not the preacher, nor the deacon, but it 's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of pray'n

Standin' in the need of pray'n

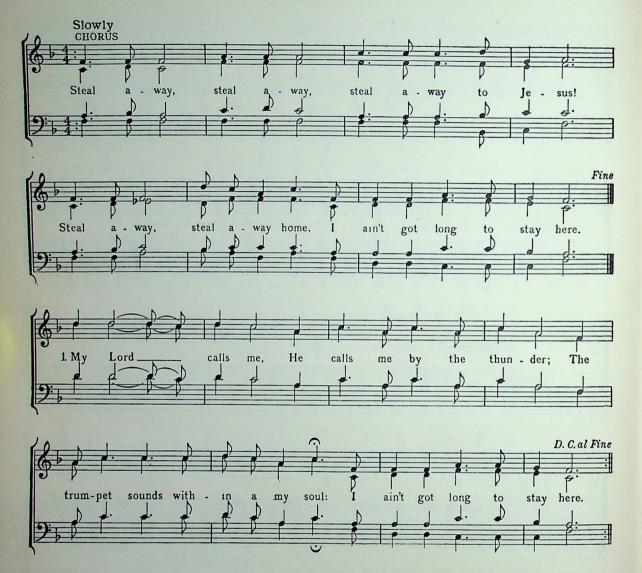
4 Not the stranger, nor my neighbour, but it 's me, O Lord.
Standin' in the need of pray'n

GIT ON BOARD, LITTLE CHILDREN



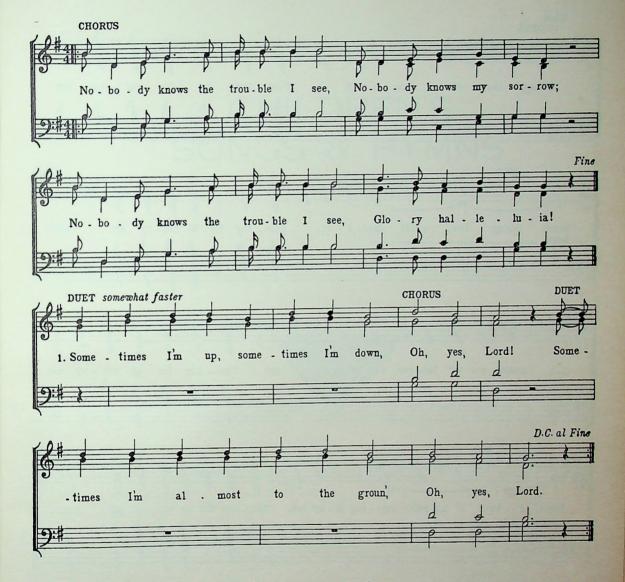
- 2 I hear de train a-comin', She 's comin' roun' de curve, She 's loosened all her steam an' brakes An' strainin' eb'ry nerve.
- De fare is cheap, an' all can go,
 De rich and poor are dere,
 No second-class aboard dis train,
 No diff'rence in de fare.

STEAL AWAY



- Green trees are bending,
 Poor sinners stand trembling,
 The trumpet sounds within my soul
 I ain't got long to stay here.
- My Lord calls me,
 He calls me by the lightning,
 The trumpet sounds within my soul;
 I ain't got long to stay here.

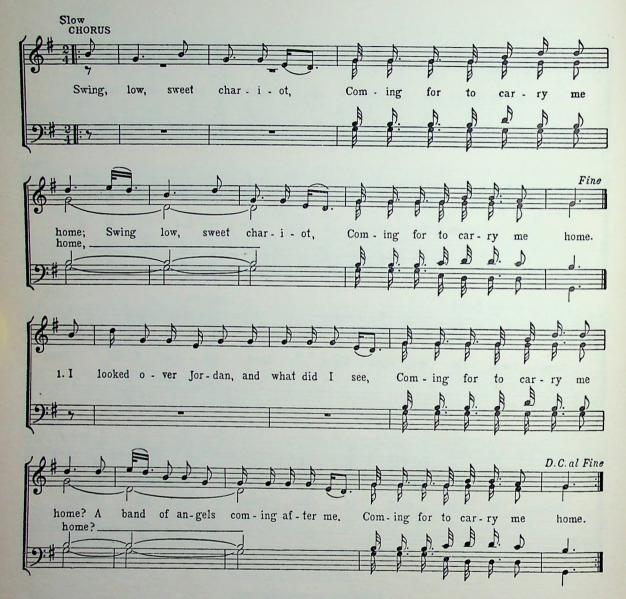
NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEE



Altho' you see me going 'long Oh, yes, Lord! I have my troubles here below, Oh, yes, Lord!

3. What makes old Satan hate me so,
Oh, yes, Lord!
Cause he got me once and let me go,
Oh, yes, Lord!

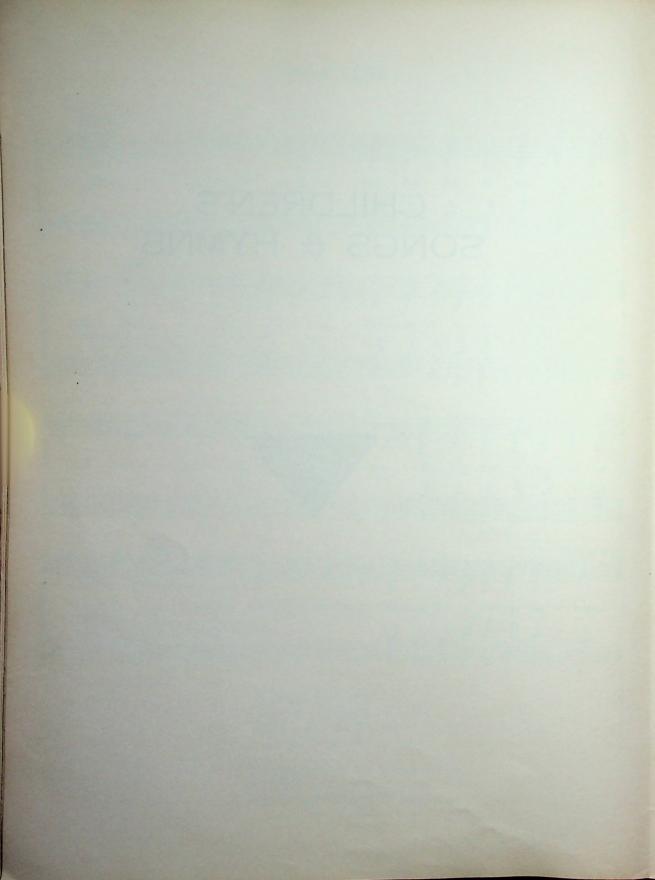
SWING LOW

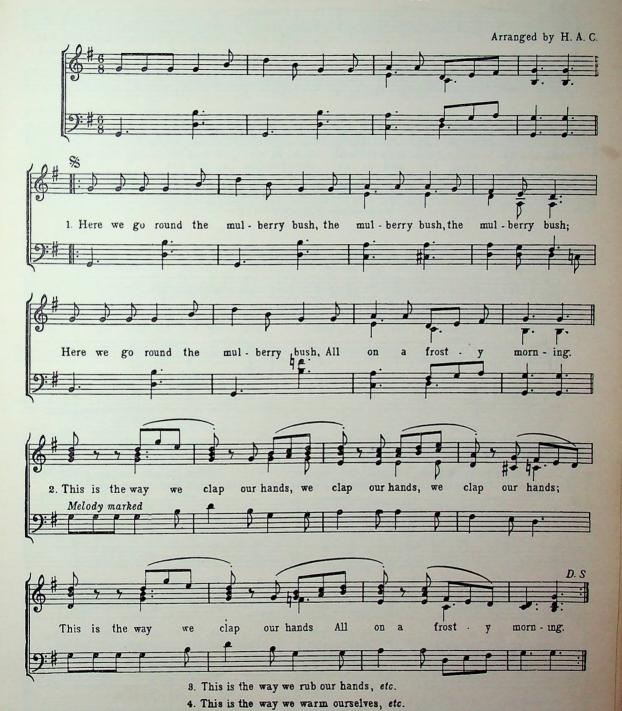


- 2 If you get there before I do, Coming for to carry me home; Tell all my friends I'm coming too, Coming for to carry me home.
- I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down, Coming for to carry me home;
 But still my soul feels heavenly bound, Coming for to carry me home.

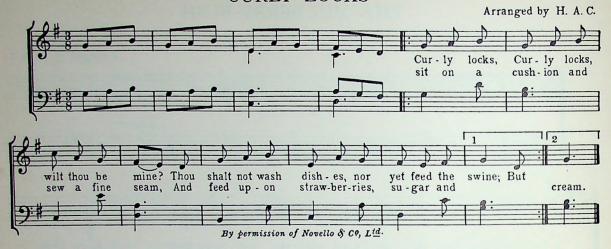
CHILDREN'S SONGS & HYMNS

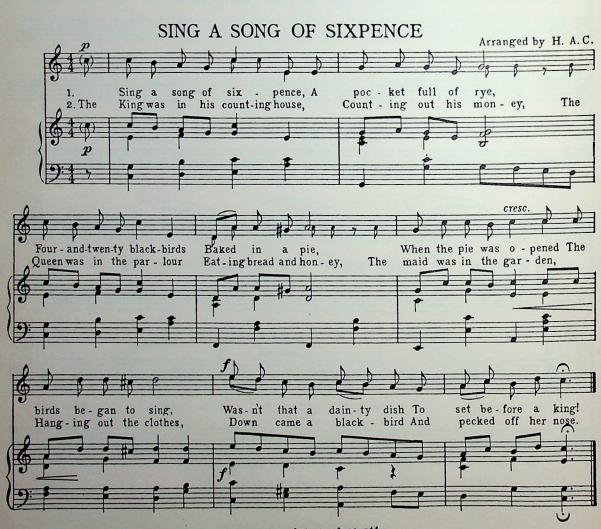






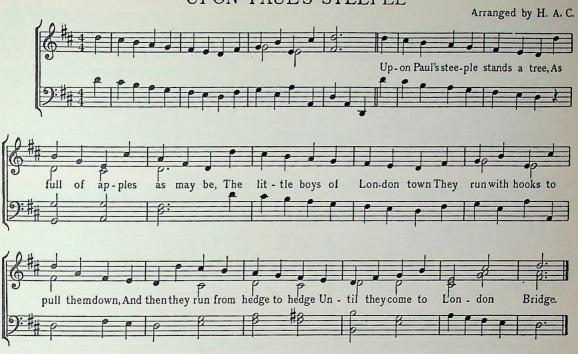
By permission of Novello & Co, Ltd.





By permission of Novello & Co, Ltd.

UPON PAUL'S STEEPLE

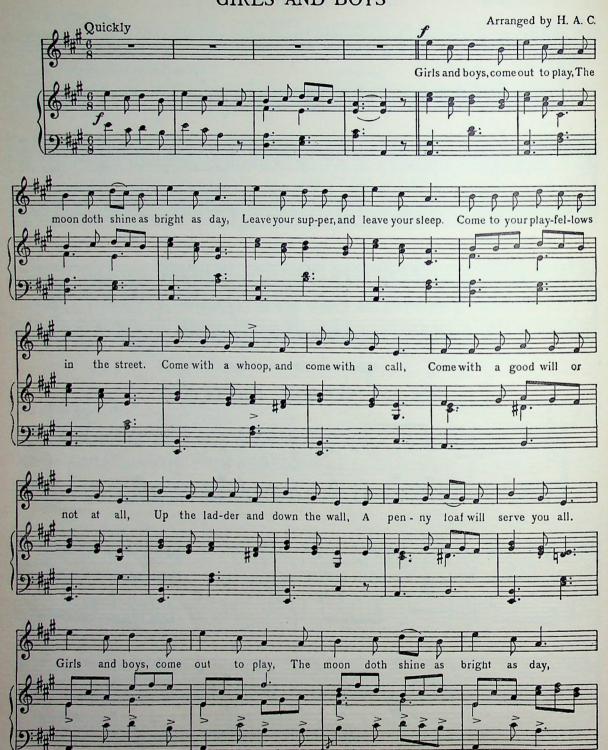


By permission of Novello & C3 Ltd

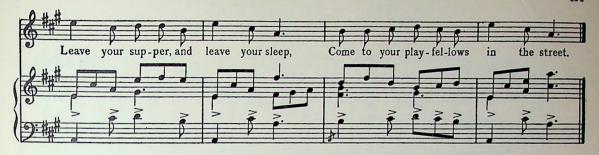


By permission of Novello & Co Ltd

GIRLS AND BOYS



By permission of Novello & Co, Lid





- Those three little kittens, They lost their mittens, And they began to cry, Meow, meow, &c.
- "What, lost your mittens? You naughty kittens, Then you shall have no pie." Meow, meow, &c.

- Those three little kittens, They found their mittens, And joyfully did cry, Meow, meow, &c.
- What, found your mittens?
 You darling kittens,
 Now you shall have some pie."
 Purr! Purr! &c.

The note in brackets is required for the first verse only.

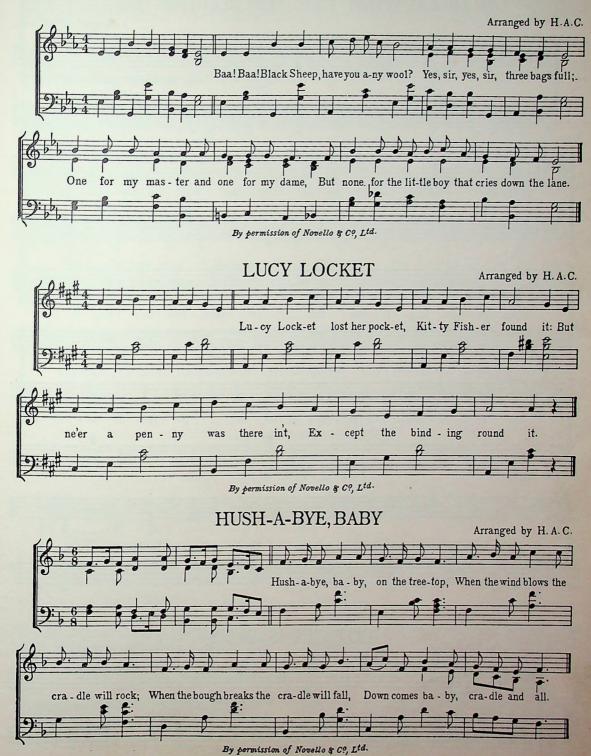
THE MILLER OF THE DEE



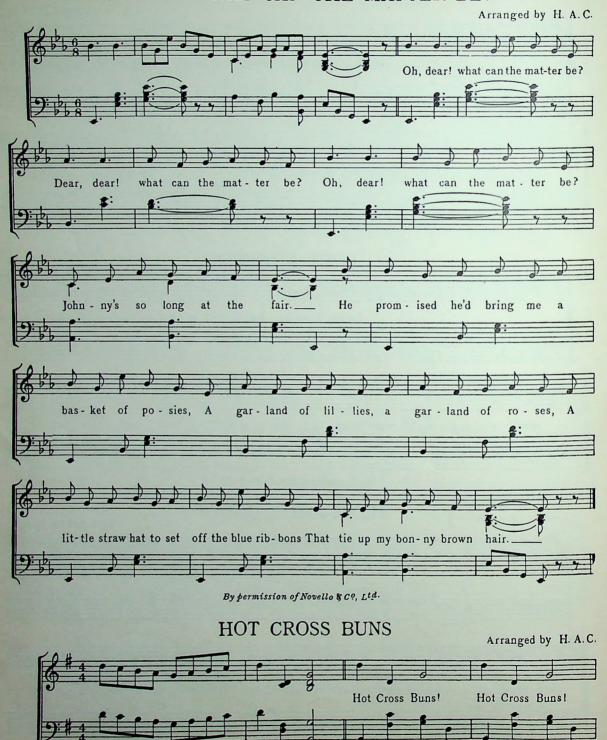
I live by the mill, she is to me
 Like parent, child, and wife,
 I would not change my station
 For any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor
 E'er had a groat from me,
 And I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me."

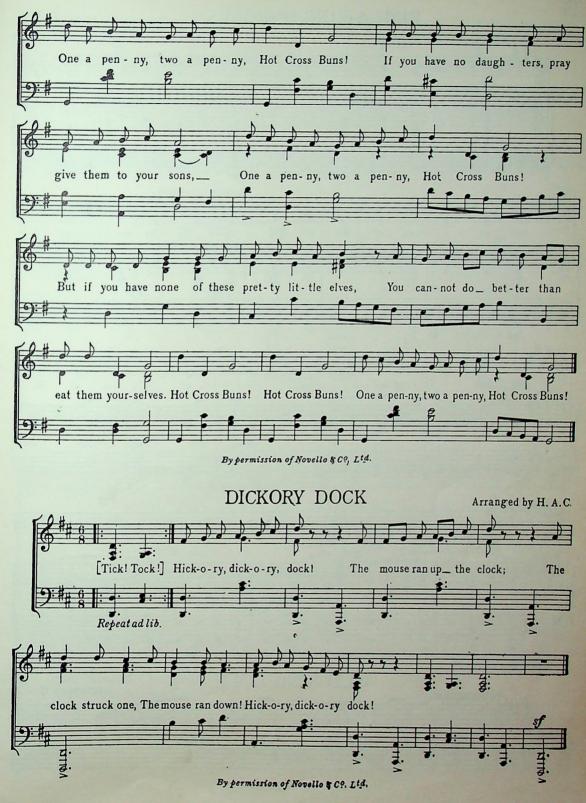
Then like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth were made for glee,
 And time is on the wing.
 The song shall pass from me to thee,
 And round this jovial ring,
 And all in heart and voice agree
 To sing, "Long live the King."

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP



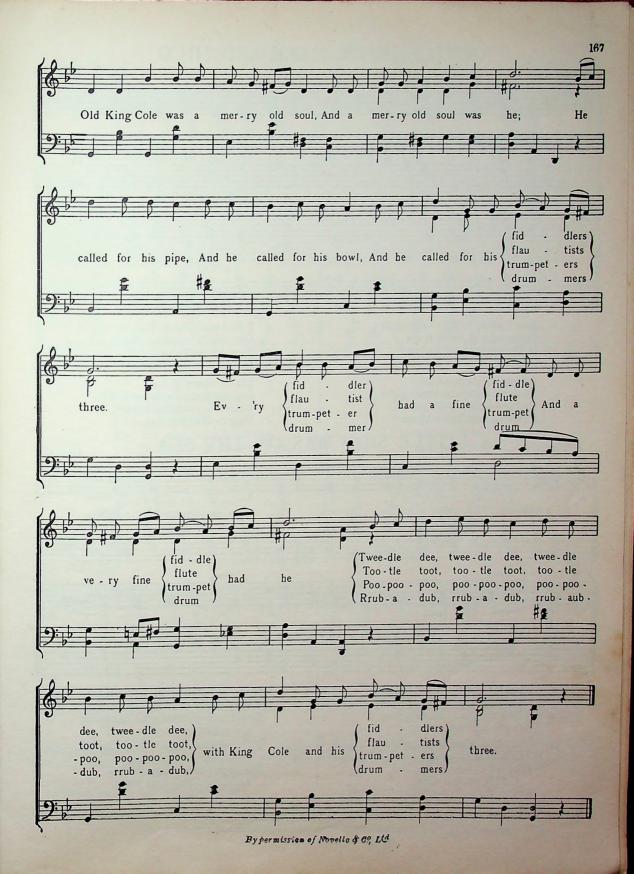
OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?



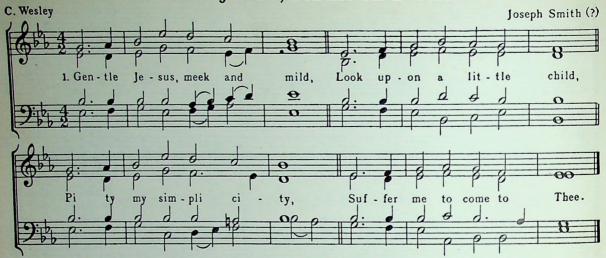


RING A-RING O' ROSES



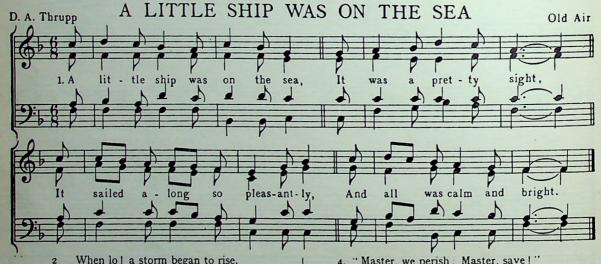


GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD



- Fain I would to Thee be brought;
 Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
 In the kingdom of Thy grace
 Give a little child a place
- 3 O supply my every want, Feed the young and tender plant, Day and night my Keeper be, Every moment watch by me

- 4 Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy obedient heart: Thou art pitiful and kind; Let me have Thy loving mind.
- Let me above all fulfil God my heavenly Father's will; Never His good Spirit grieve, Only to His glory live.



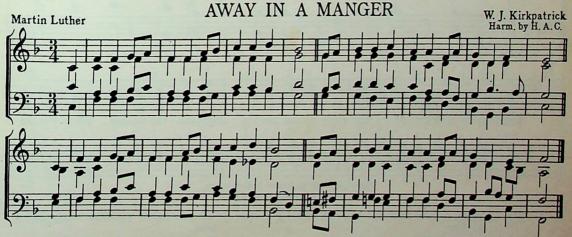
- When lo! a storm began to rise, The wind grew loud and strong; It blew the clouds across the skies, It blew the waves along.
- And all, but One, were sore afraid
 Of sinking in the deep;
 His head was on a pillow laid,
 And He was fast asleep.
- 4. "Master, we perish: Master, save!"
 They cried: their Master heard;
 He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
 And stilled them with a word.
- He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!"
 The raging billows cease;
 The mighty winds obey His will,
 And all are hushed to peace.
- Oh, well we know it was the Lord, Our Saviour and our Friend;
 Whose care of those who trust His word Will never. never end.





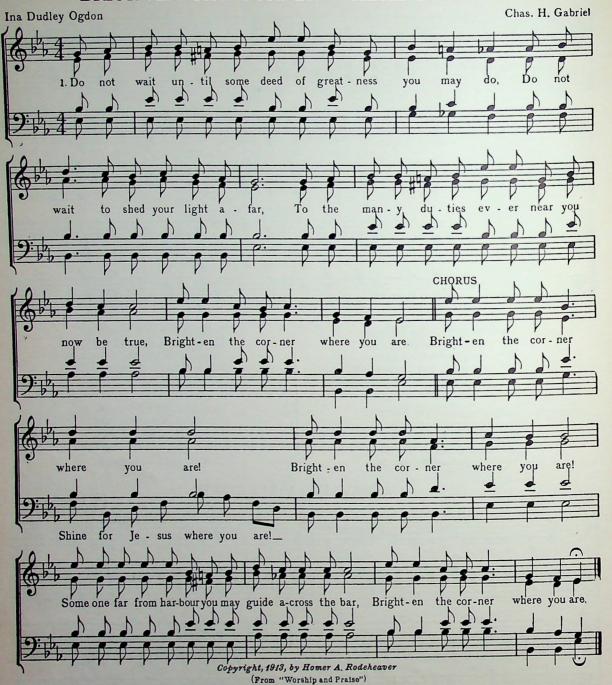
- Jesus loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong,
 They are weak, but He is strong.
 Yes, Jesus loves me (three times)
 The Bible tells me so.
- Jesus toves me! He Who died Heaven's gate to open wide, He will wash away my sin, Let His little child come in. Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

- 3. Jesus loves me! loves me still, Though I'm very weak and ill; From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 - Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.
- Jesus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way: If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high. Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.



- Away in a manger, no crib for a bed, The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked down where Helay, The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.
- The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes, But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes. I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky, And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE



2. Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear,

Let not narrow self your way debar, Tho' into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,

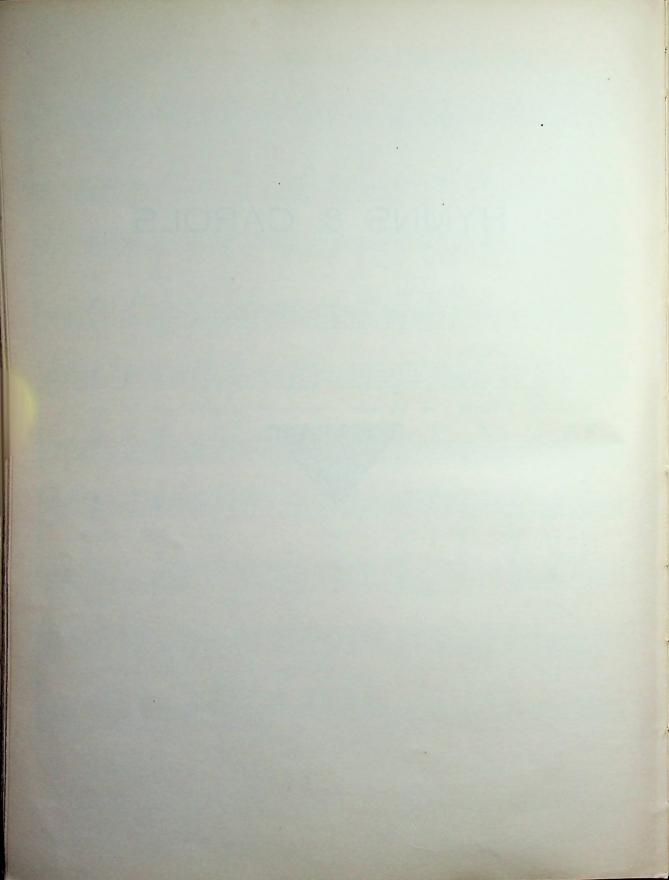
Brighten the corner where you are Brighten the corner, &c. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,

Here reflect the Bright and Morning Star, Even from your humble hand the bread of life may feed,

Brighten the corner where you are Brighten the corner, &c.

HYMNS & CAROLS

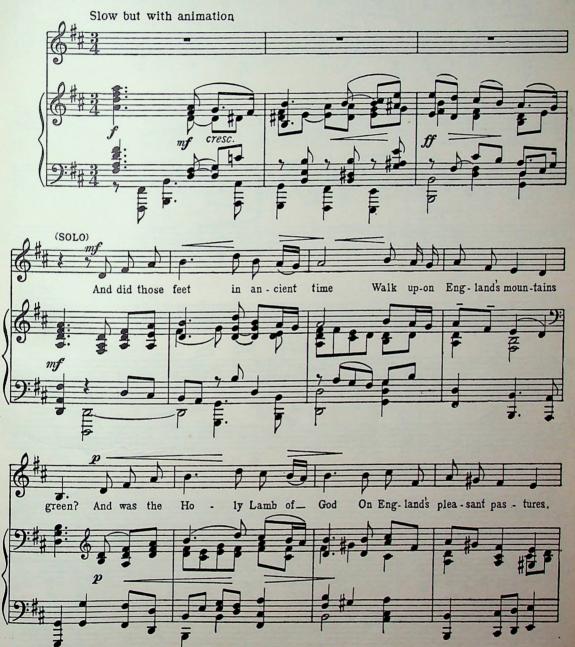




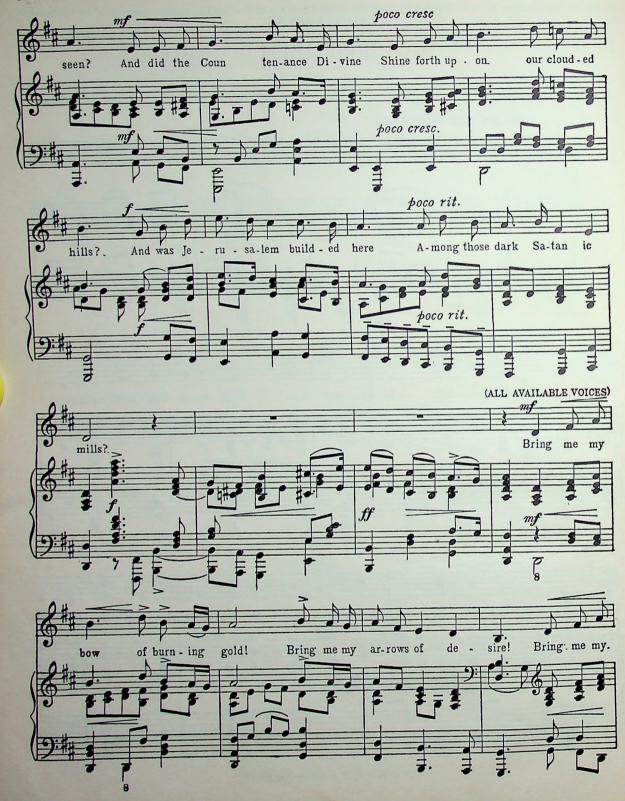
JERUSALEM

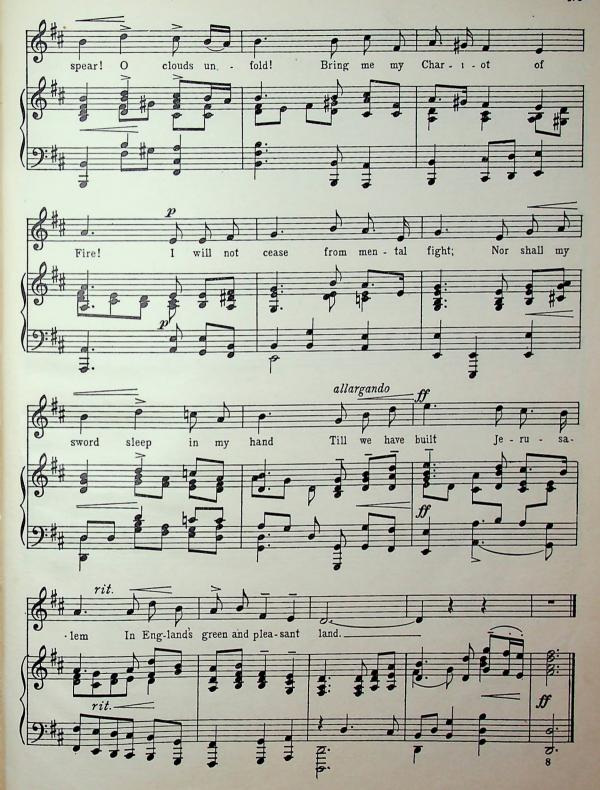
Stanzas from Blake's "Prophetic Books"

C. Hubert H. Parry

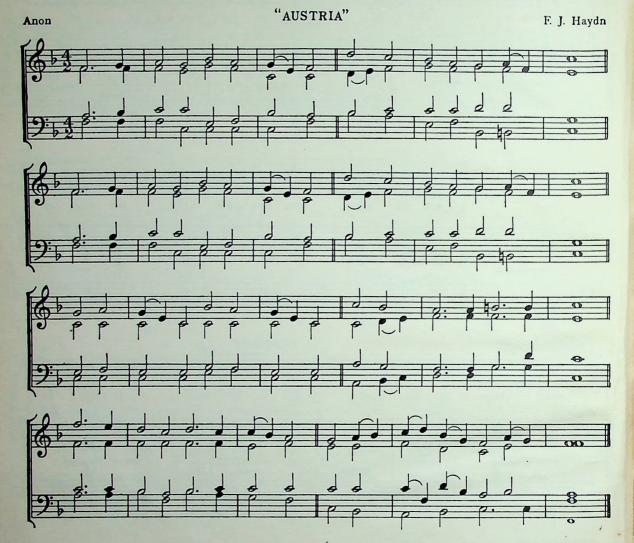


Copyright, 1916, by C. Hubert H. Parry





PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM



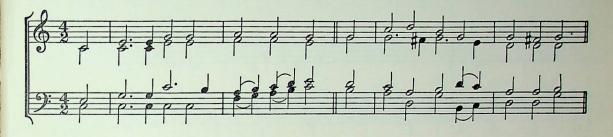
- Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
 Praise Him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws, that never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
- Praise the Lord! for He is glorious:
 Never shall His promise fail:
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation!
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name.

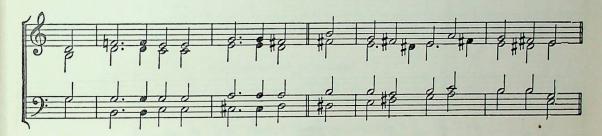
ETERNAL FATHER!

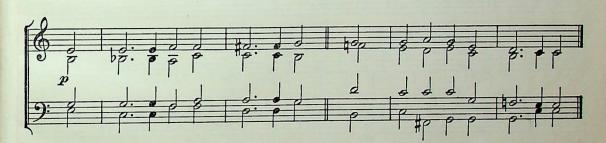
"MELITA"

W. Whiting

I. B. Dykes

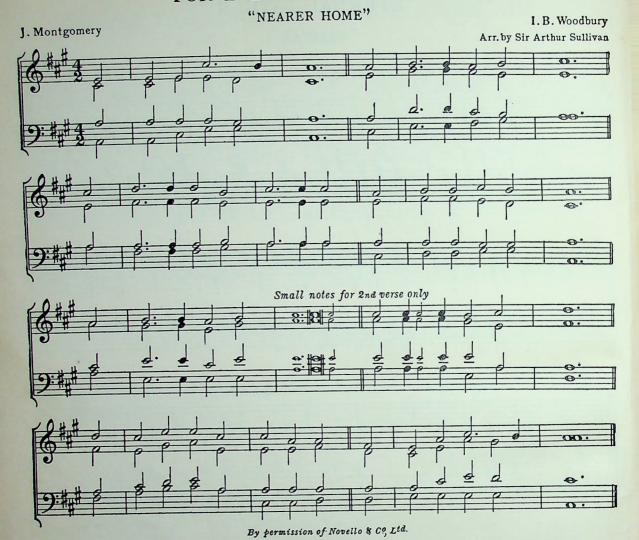






- I. Eternal Father! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean-deep Its own appointed limits keep: O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea!
- 2. O Saviour! Whose almighty word The winds and waves submissive heard, Who walkedst on the foaming deep, And calm amid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea!
- 3. O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood Upon the chaos dark and rude, Who bad'st its angry tumult cease, And gavest light, and life, and peace: O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea!
- O Trinity of love and power! Our brethren shield in danger's hour; From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Protect them wheresoe'er they go; And ever let there rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

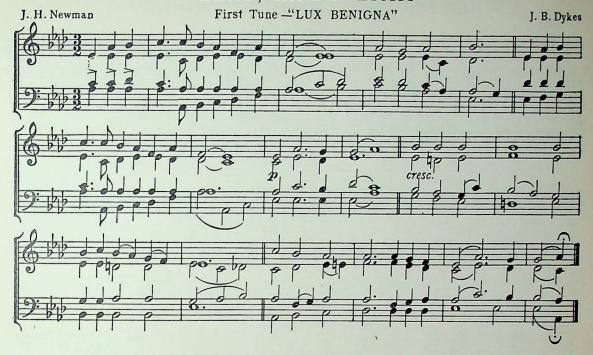
FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!

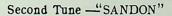


- For ever with the Lord!
 Amen; so let it be.
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 "Tis immortality
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye, Thy golden gates appear! Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above.

- 3. For ever with the Lord!
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail,
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand.
 Fight, and I must prevail.
- 4. Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 For ever with the Lord!
 That resurrection word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more, For ever with the Lord!
 Amen; so let it be.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT







 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene—one step enough for me. 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now

I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on;

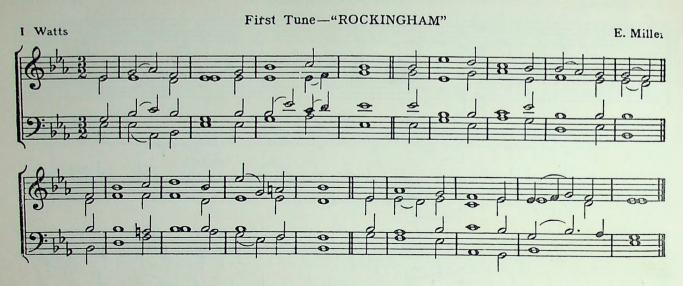
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

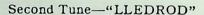
So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on

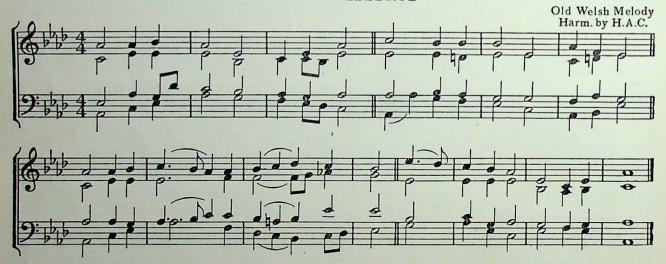
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

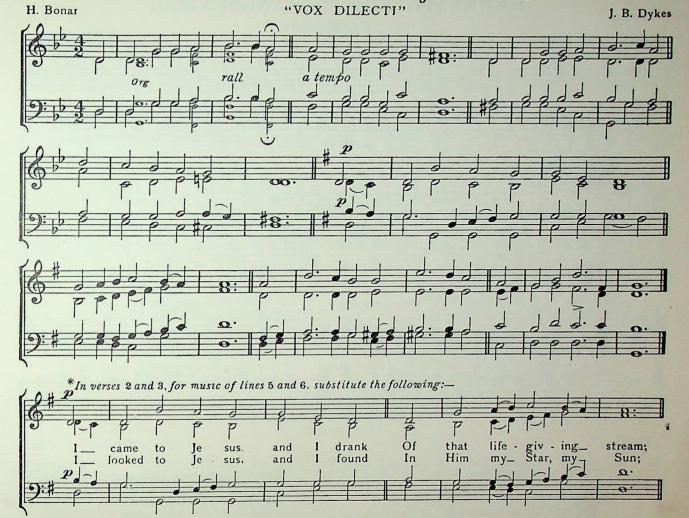






- When I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small! Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY



- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 - "Come unto Me and rest;
 - Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast!"
 - I came to Jesus as I was,
 - Weary, and worn, and sad;
 - I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

- I heard the voice of Jesus say,

 Behold, I freely give

 The living water, thirsty one,

 Stoop down and drink, and live!"
 - I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived.
- My thirst was quenched, my soul revived And now I live in Him.
- J. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright!"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk

Till travelling days are done

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

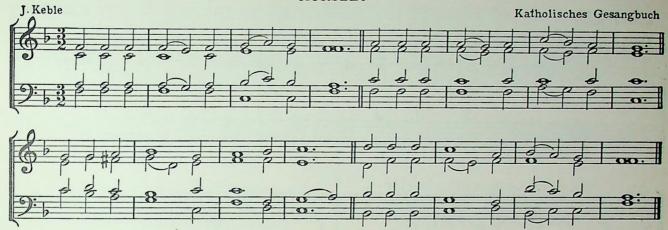


- I. Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled. Joyful, all ye nations, rise Join the triumph of the skies; With the angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem." Hark I the herald-angels sing
 - Glory to the new-born King.

- 2. Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb! Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail the incarnate Deity! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel. Hark ! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King.
- Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in H1s wings. Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Hark I the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King.

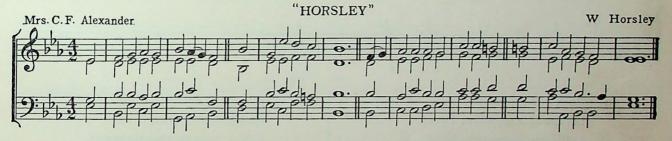
SUN OF MY SOUL

"HURSLEY"



- I Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near:
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep to-night Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL



- There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified Who died to save us all.
- We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear, But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

- 3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good; That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious Blood.
- 4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
- O, dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His redeeming Blood, And try His works to do.

ROCK OF AGES

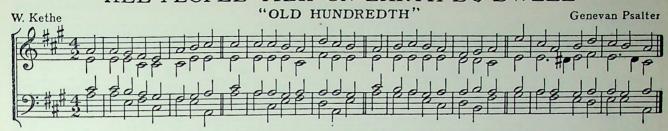
"PETRA"



- Rock of Ages, cleft for me
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power
- 2. Not the labours of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands. Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow. All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

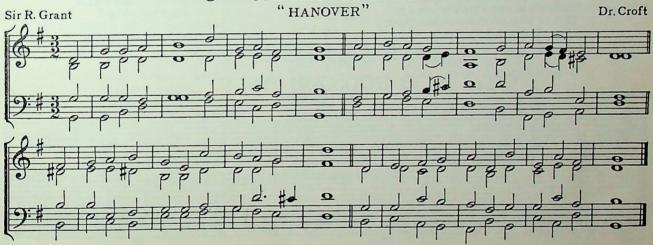
- 3. Nothing In my hand I bring, Simply to Thy Cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress: Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL



- All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice: Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell. Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- The Lord, ye know, is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make: We are His flock, He doth us feed; And for His sheep He doth us take.
- O enter then His gates with praise;
 Approach with joy His courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do
- For why? The Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

O WORSHIP THE KING



- O worship the King
 All glorious above;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love:
 Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.
- O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space.
 His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

- 3. This earth, with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty, Thy power
 Hath founded of old;
 Hath stablished it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4. O measureless Might,
 Ineffable Love,
 While Angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to Thy praise.





- I. O Love that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee:
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.
- O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.
- 3. O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee:
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.
 - O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

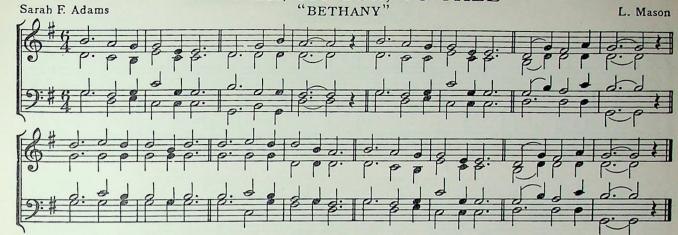
Words and Music by permission of Novello and Company, Limited.



- O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home
- Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy Saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
- 3. Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

- 4. A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone, Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
- 5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away,
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

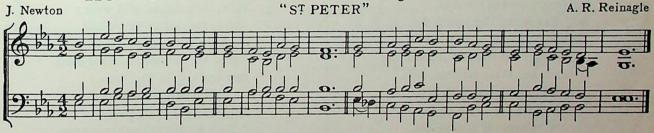
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE



- Nearer, my God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be— Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!
- Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

- 3. There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me In mercy given: Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!
- Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be— Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS



- I. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast, 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
- Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My shield, and hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace!

- Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.
- Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought,
 But when I see Thee as Thou art
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy Name Refresh my soul in death!

JESU! LOVER OF MY SOUL

"HOLLINGSIDE"

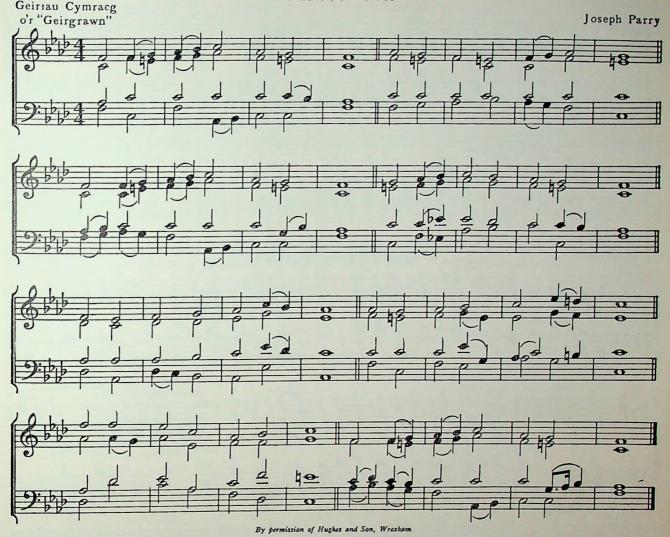


- I. Jesu, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is Thy Name; I am all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art; Freely let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

IESU! CYFAILL F' ENAID CU

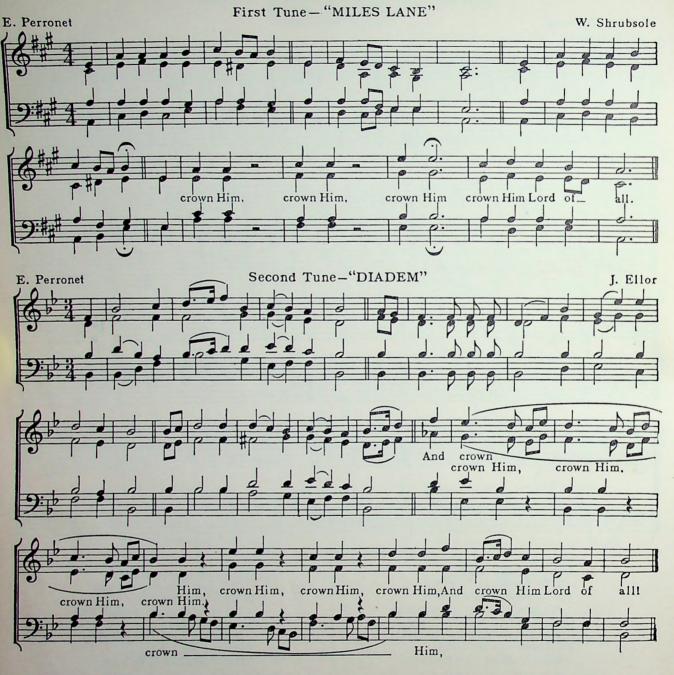
"ABERYSTWYTH"



Iesu! Cyfaill f'enaid cu
 I Dy fynwes gâd im' ffoi,
 Tra bo'r dyfroedd o bob tu,
 A'r tymhestloedd, yn crynhoi:
 Cudd fi, O fy Mhrynwr! cudd,
 Nes 'r êl heibio'r storom gref;
 Yn Arweinydd imi bydd
 Nes im' dd'od i deyrnas nef.

- Noddfa arall, gwn nid oes,
 Ond Tydi, i'm henaid gwàn;
 Ti, fu farw ar y groes,
 Yw fy nghymorth y mhob màn;
 Ynot, O fy Iesu! mae
 Holl ymddiried f'enaid byw;
 Nerth rho imi i barhau,
 Nes d'od adref at fy Nuw.
- Grâs sydd ynot, fel y môr—
 Grâs i faddeu fy holl fai;
 Boed i'w ffrydiau, Arglwydd Iôr!
 Oddiwrth bechod fy nglanhau;
 Ffynnon bywyd f'enaid gwiw
 Rydd im' gysur ar fy nhaith;
 Llonna f'ysbryd tra f'wyf byw:
 Tardd i dragwyddoldeb maith!

ALL HAIL THE POWER



- All hail the power of Jesus' Name; Let Angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem To crown him Lord of all
- Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball;
 Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
- Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David Lord did call— The God Incarnate, Man Divine, And crown Him Lord of all.
- Let every tribe and every tongue
 To Him their hearts enthral,
 Lift high the universal song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.



- Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the royal Master
 Leads against the foe
 Forward into battle
 See His banners go!
 Chorus.
- At the Name of Jesus
 Satan's host doth flee
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory:
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Chorus

- 3. Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God.
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and purpose,
 One in charity.
 Chorus.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain:
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Chorus.
- 5. Onward, then, ye people.
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song:
 "Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King!"
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

Chorus

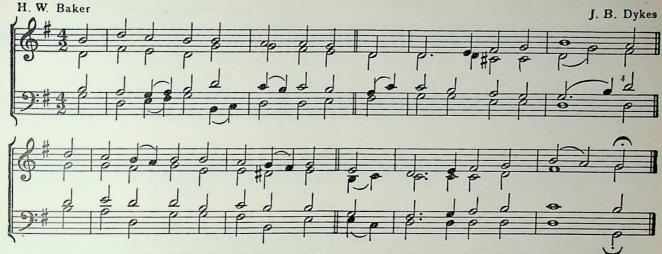
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

- I. Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blessed,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, O I know not,
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare!
- 2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel And all the martyr throng, The Prince is ever in them; The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blessèd Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 3. There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they who, with their Leader.
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4. O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

THE KING OF LOVE

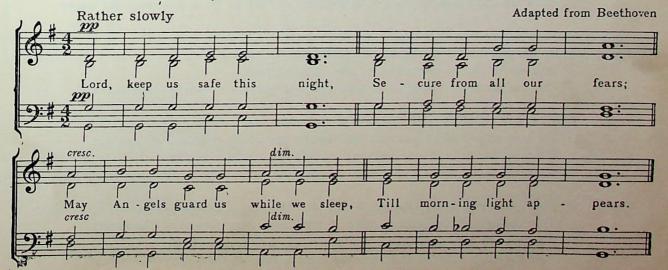
"DOMINUS REGIT ME"



- The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never,
 I nothing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ever.
- Where streams of living water flow
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,
 And, where the verdant pastures grow
 With food celestial feedeth.
- Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
 But yet in love He sought me,
 And on His shoulder gently laid,
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.

- In death's dark vale I fear no ill.
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy Cross before to guide me.
- Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
 Thy unction grace bestoweth,
 And oh, what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth.
- And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever.

LORD, KEEP US SAFE THIS NIGHT



GOD IS WORKING HIS PURPOSE OUT

"BENSON"

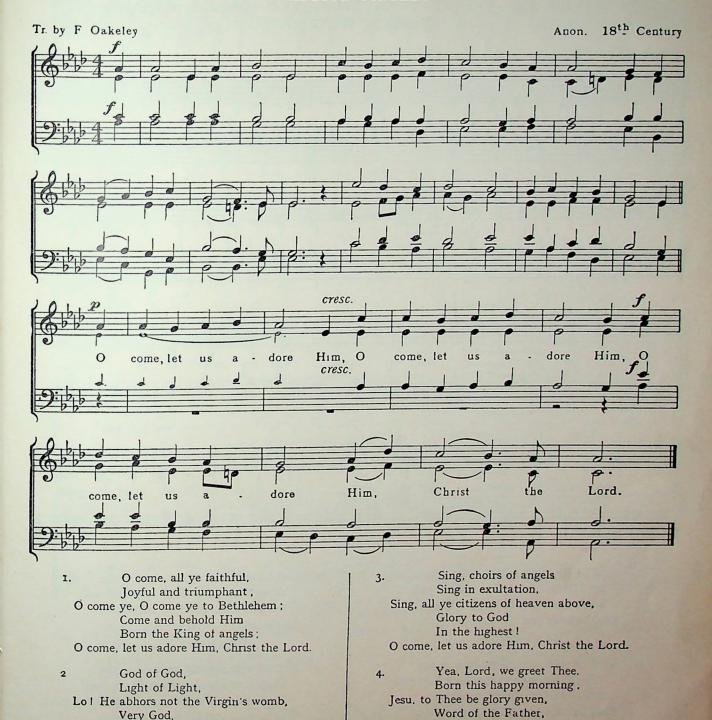
A. C. Ainger

M. D. Kingham



- 1 God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year, God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near; Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be, When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
- From utmost east to utmost west, where'er man's foot hath trod,
 By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,
 "Give ear to Me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to Me,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea."
- 3. What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of peace? What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be, When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea?
- 4 March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
 That the light of the glorious gospel of truth may shine throughout the world;
 Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

"ADESTE FIDELES"



Begotten, not created

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord

Now in flesh appearing .

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN "GOD BE WITH YOU"



- God be with you till we meet again,
 By His counsels guide, uphold you.
 With His sheep securely fold you.
 God be with you till we meet again
 Till we meet, &c.
- God be with you till we meet again,
 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you:
 God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet &c.
- God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you:
 God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, &c.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again.

 Keep love's banner floating o'er you.

 Smite death's threatening wave before you:

 God be with you till we meet again.

 Till we meet, &c.



 Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous attraction for me;
 In the old rugged cross, stained with love so div A wondrous beauty I see; For the dear Lamb of God left His Glory above To bear it to dark Calvary So I'll cherish, &c.

For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and d To pardon and sanctify me. So I'll cherish, &c.

To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true, Its shame and reproach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away.

Where His glory for ever I'll share.

So I'll cherish, &c.

WHERE THE GATES SWING OUTWARD NEVER



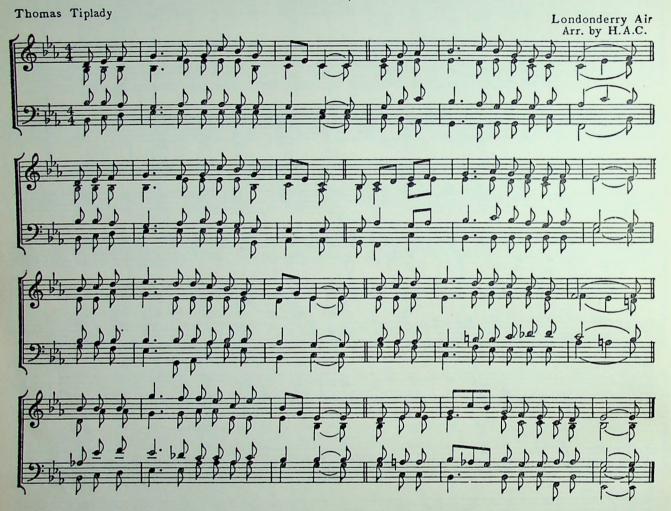
- Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the journey will be ended;
 Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time With eternity is blended.
 I'll exchange, &c.
- Tho' the hills be steep and the valleys deep,
 With no flow'rs my way adorning,
 Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
 Joy awaits me in the morning.
 I'll exchange, &c.
- 4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for Whom my heart is burning! Nevermore to sigh, nevermore to die— For that day my heart is yearning. I'll exchange, &c.



- 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
 His Day is marching on.
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.
- I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with My contemner, so with you My grace shall deal;"
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
 Since God is marching on.
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.
- 4. He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment-seat; O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him: be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on. Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c
- 5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free While God is marching on.

 Glery, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

FROM THEE, O CHRIST



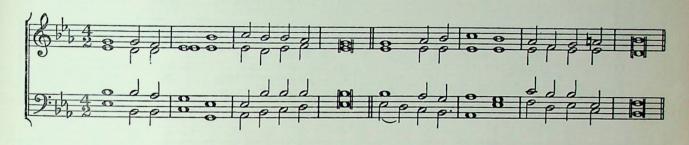
- From Thee, O Christ, my heart finds no escaping,
 I haunted am by that dear face of Thine;
 My life and thought Thou art for ever shaping—
 For common water Thou canst turn to wine.
 I cannot follow the sweet Sirens' singing,
 For I am bound by cords of love to Thee;
 And my thoughts turn, like birds at evening winging,
 To where my rest for evermore must be.
- I may not yield my soul to sin's defiling,
 For I have seen Thy beauty and Thy grace;
 From evil I must turn howe'er beguiling,
 For I have seen the suffering on Thy face:
 Thy cross above the world's bright scenes is shining,
 And gaudy seem their pleasures now to me;
 When in their midst my heart for Thee is pining,
 For Thou my rest for evermore must be.

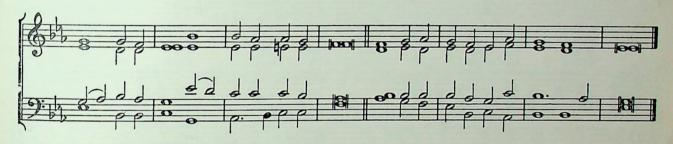
ABIDE WITH ME

"EVENTIDE"

H. F. Lyte

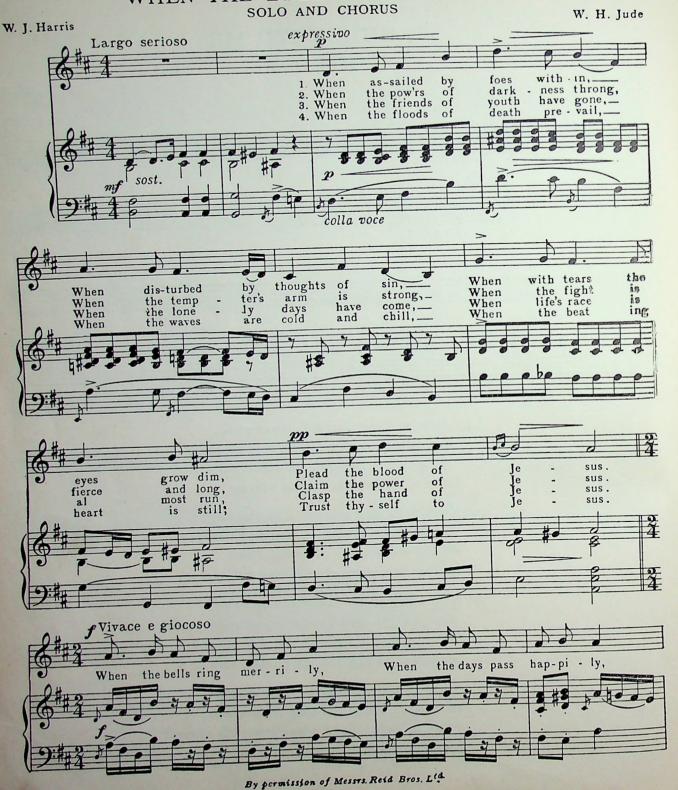
W. H. Monk

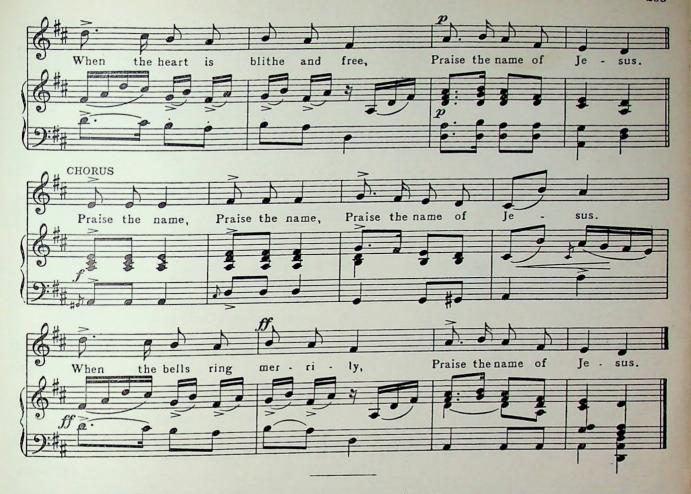




- The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see: O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!
- 3. I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness: Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

WHEN THE BELLS RING MERRILY





"God bless our native Land"
(Sung to the Tune of the National Anthem, Page 99)

- God bless our native land!
 May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore;
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's power depend
 On war no more.
- God save our King and Queen, Through every changing scene, And bless their reign; Their hearts inspire and move With wisdom from above, And in a nation's love The throne maintain.

- 3. May just and righteous laws Uphold the public cause, And bless our Isle; Home of the brave and free, The land of liberty, We pray that still on thee Kind heaven may smile!
- 4. And not this land alone, But be Thy mercies known. From shore to shore. Lord let the nations see That men should brothers be, And form one family. The wide world o'er.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY



- r Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
 God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee, Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity!
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
 Holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

AT EVEN ERE THE SUN WAS SET

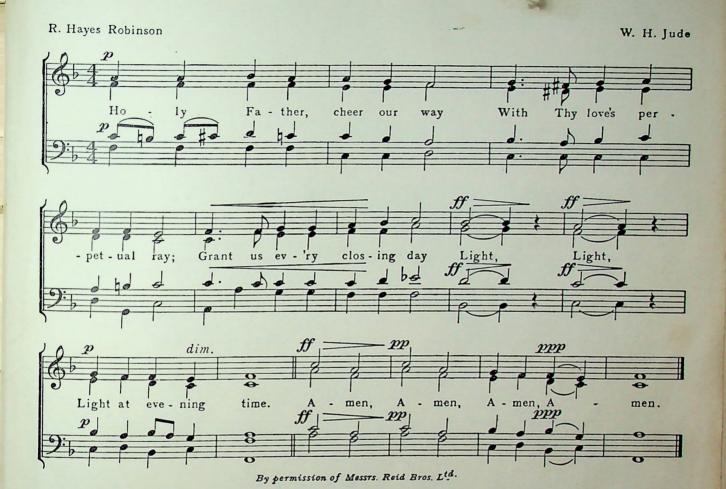
"ANGELUS"

G. Joseph

G. J

- At even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 O in what divers pains they met!
 O with what joy they went away!
- Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near, What if Thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
- O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide,
- 4. Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall
 Hear in this solemn evening hour
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME



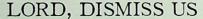
 When youth's brightness disappears, Heal our sorrows, calm our fears;
 Grant us, in our later years, Light at evening-time.

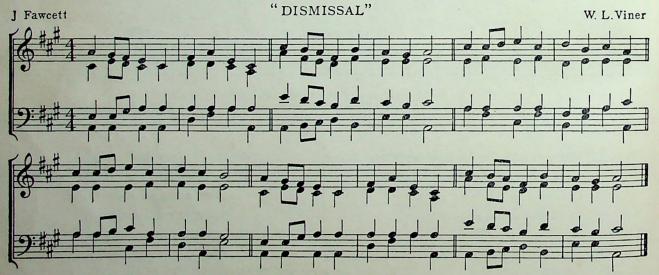
- 3. Great Life-giver, be Thou nigh When in mortal pains we lie: Grant us, when we come to die. Light at evening-time
- Till, rejoicing more and more,
 We behold, our troubles o'er,
 Breaking on the heavenly shore,
 Light at morning-time.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT



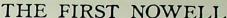
- Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right. Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternally.
- Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; Life with its path before us lies, Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.
- Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
 His boundless mercy will provide;
 Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- Faint not nor fear; His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear; Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.





Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; May Thy presence With us evermore be found.





- They looked up and saw a Star, Shining in the East, beyond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night. Nowell, &c
- And by the light of that same Star, Three Wisemen came from country far; To seek for a King was their intent, And to follow the Star wherever it went. Nowell, &c.

- This Star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Bethlehem it took its rest, And there it did both stop and stay, Right over the place where Jesus lay. Nowell, &c
- 5. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord, That hath made Heaven and earth of nought, And with His Blood mankind hath bought. Nowell. &c





- While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The Angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around
- "Fear not," said he; for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind
- "To you in David's town this day
 Is born of David's line
 A Saviour Who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign."

- "The heavenly Babe you there shall find To human view display'd, All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."
- Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith Appeared a shining throng
 Angels praising God, who thus Address'd their joyful song;
- 6 "All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men Begin and never cease."

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Traditional



- Good King Wenceslas look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay round about, Deep, and crisp, and even: Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring winter fuel.
- 2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou know'st it, telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he?
 Where and what his dwelling?"
 Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain;
 Right against the forest fence,
 By Saint Agnes' fountain."

- 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hither; Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thither." Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went together; Through the rude wind's wild lament; And the bitter weather.
- 4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer."
 "Mark my footsteps, good my page!
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."
- In his master's steps he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted;
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor,
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

